HOLIDAY TRAVEL

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The Long Voyage Home

ONCE again foreign Communist parties have been convulsed by dramatic changes in Soviet policy. But this crisis is different. Moscow has not simply switched the line: it has exposed such men as Pollitt, Dutt and Duclos as servile apologists. Russian Communists can cite the secret police as their excuse: though they knew what was happening they could not speak. No such defence is open to Communists in other countries. They shrugged off Stalin's excesses as so much capitalist propaganda; they silenced criticism inside the party by insisting that the defence of the Soviet Union was the first duty of a Communist; and they claimed to be the ideological élite, guided by scientific truth. Even to their own followers they must now seem pathetic.

The British Communists are particularly luckless, for their 24th Congress has come upon them before there has been time to recover their balance in this new crisis. While the *Daily Worker* attempts desperately to square the circle, the correspondence it publishes reveals a profound uneasiness within the party. Will it find expression this weekend, when the congress meets at Battersea? Harry Pollitt can scarcely hope to convince the delegates that a generation of effort has been squandered because "facts are being brought to light which are new to all of us"; even the hard core of the party must at last realise that such contortions are reducing it to a comical clique. If the party is to acquire any dignity it must follow the advice of a correspondent in the *Daily Worker* who demands that it become "a party free and unrestrained, evolving its own ideas within the limits of our national requirements, and capable of open and reasoned criticism."

Those Communists in foreign countries who have had private doubts about Stalin's regime, and have realised that their failures and their isolation followed from the subordination of their party to Soviet interests, will rejoice in the change. But hope must be tempered by the bitter realisation that, once more, the change had to be started in the U.S.S.R., and that their leaders are again merely echoing phrases that have become politically acceptable in Moscow. It is one thing to pay lip-service to free discussion and straight thinking, but it is not easy to break the habit of thinking in compartments. That is the interest of the Battersea congress, for it should show whether the Communist rank-and-file are ready to begin remaking their party, or whether they will still accept the stage-managed confirmation of yet another line handed down by the platform.

No doubt the new situation will be more congenial for individual Communists, and they undoubtedly hope that it may be more rewarding. But they cannot assume that the rest of the Labour Movement will send telegrams to Battersea, saying "come home, all is forgiven." The initiative now belongs to those on the Left who did not surrender their integrity, who refused to put Stalin's Russia before their principles, and who hoped that one day the Communist countries might find their way out of the perversion of Socialism to which Stalin's policy had led.

That day may now be coming. No one can deny the immense material achievements of the Soviet Union, but these achievements have been overshadowed by the brutal denial of human and Socialist values. If a real change has begun in the Communist world—and much remains to be done and undone—Socialists should be the first to respond. For the liberalisation of the Soviet regime would do more than anything else to ease the world situation.

Communists outside the Soviet Union cannot expect that they will automatically benefit from such a change. They now talk about the "great advance" that can be made in this new situation. In fact, too many of them have wantonly forfeited the right to be regarded as free agents, let alone "constructive Marxists in their own right." Before they can come forward as genuine Socialists, capable of thinking and acting for themselves, they must prove that they have changed their attitude as well as their tactics. They will have a long voyage home.

Comments on the Week's News

Green Light for Malta

At long last the Government appears to have made up its mind about the proposal for Maltese representation at Westminster. As Monday's debate showed, not only has it decided to accept the recommendations of the Round Table Conference in their entirety; it has also promised to take action "as a matter of urgency." On the first point, it is difficult to see how Mr. Lennox-Boyd could have acted otherwise: the Conference, on which ministers were represented, was almost unanimous in its report, which stated plainly that there was no workable constitutional alternative to integration. To reject its conclusions would have been to fly in the face of all the evidence. The second decision, however, was made against considerable pressure from Tory backbenchers, who view this constitutional innovation with alarm, and who would like to see it indefinitely shelved. Their object was to force the government to refuse to take action until yet another election had been fought in Malta on the integration issue. There is good reason to think that, had the Colonial Secretary yielded to their pressure, Mr. Mintoff, the Maltese Prime Minister, would have been defeated, and Malta would have faced a constitutional crisis. Indeed, in recent talks with Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Mr. Mintoff had made it quite clear that he regarded the results of the February referendum as decisive, and that he was not prepared to submit integration to the Maltese people a third time unless he received a firm promise that the British Government was prepared to take rapid action on the basis of his proposals. By forcing Mr. Lennox-Boyd's hand, he has, in all probability, won a decisive victory. He can now return to Malta and, in due course, fight a general election not on integration as a hypothetical issue, but as a concrete constitutional framework which has been accepted by Britain. It has always been clear that the opposition of the Maltese Church would collapse once the British Government took a firm line; there is, therefore, every hope that integration will now receive the "clear and unmistakable" endorsement of the Maltese people which the report of the Conference demands.

Blind Alley in Cyprus

The most disturbing feature of the Commons debate on Cyprus was the total failure of the government to indicate any other useful channel of negotiation than that of Archbishop Makarios, which has been made useless by his deportation. Last week-end, the Colonial Secretary attempted to fill the gap by saying that he hoped that, while order was being restored, more moderate Cypriot elements would emerge, with whom it would be possible to negotiate. Mr. Lennox-Boyd can hardly have expected his words to be taken seriously. As the evidence which was produced to justify the deportation shows, the Archbishop was under constant extremist pressure to shift from what was fundamentally a moderate position; that he was largely successful in resisting it is proved by the nearness of the two positions when negotiations were broken off. At no time during them could he have seriously modified his demands and still remained representative of Cypriot opinion; and now that negotiations are over, and what amounts to a state of war exists, the extremists are inevitably in the ascendant. The Cypriots are fully aware that world opinion is convinced that the Archbishop will have to be brought back before negotiations can be resumed; and any Cypriot leader who attempted to anticipate the event would merely be endangering his life. Mr. Lennox-Boyd knows this perfectly well; but he also knows that Sir Anthony Eden's decision to deport Makarios was dictated largely by internal political motives. As Mr. Bevan shrewdly pointed out in the debate, the Tory backbenchers did not want "a base on Cyprus" but "Cyprus as a base"; and once the Cabinet had surrendered to this view, negotiations were no longer possible. They are, therefore, unlikely to be resumed until Sir Anthony's personal position becomes more secure; but when—and if—this happens, nobody seriously doubts that the Archbishop will be sitting on the other side of the conference table.

More Trouble for Adenauer

Dr. Adenauer's long campaign to recreate a German army came to an abrupt halt last week. The issue has now ceased to be one between militarists and anti-militarists, or even between the Social Democrats and the parties of the right. German business is determined not to upset the booming export trade by a precipitous switch to armaments, and there is a similar desire, in all parties, to keep the arms budget as low as possible. To complicate matters, a controversy has arisen, which cuts across party ties, on the type of army Germany should have. A small, long-service professional army without conscripts? Or a national militia? Or a combination of the two? Military and cabinet opinion is itself divided, and in the confusion, the government came to grief in the Bundersrat last Friday. The recommended term of service was cut from 18 months to a year by an overwhelming majority, and representatives from four *Länder* voted against conscription in any form. Most Demochristians voted for the amendment, and it is significant that Herr Blank, the Defence Minister, made no effort to oppose it. The vote will not itself settle the matter, but its effect will undoubtedly be to postpone rearmament still further. This accurately reflects the prevailing mood of public opinion. Germany is unwilling to jeopardise its current prosperity by implementing a military policy which events appear to have made obsolete. Both the political confusion in East Germany—which the recent congress of the Socialist Unity Party indicates may well work to the advantage of the Federal Republic—and the growing belief that disarmament is just round the corner are encouraging this "wait and see" attitude. But a "go-slow" on rearmament, even though approved by most of his party, is bound to affect Dr. Adenauer's political position, already shaken by the collapse of his *Land* coalition in North Rhine-Westphalia. If he accepts the Bundersrat recommendation, he will be acknowledging defeat on a policy with which he has been personally identified for nearly a decade; but if he tries to fight, the odds are that he will run into the most serious trouble he has yet faced.

Wages and Full Employment

The White Paper on full employment is the latest of a series of official warnings that the boom is breaking. Mr. Macmillan's remedy is yet another appeal for greater output, and for restraint in wage claims and dividends—a theme now worn to shreds by continued use. Mr. Macmillan may ask for "partnership" between employers and organised labour, but the plain fact is that the trade unions—which know as well as the Treasury that increasing costs can lead to falling exports and unemployment—cannot accept wage restraint unless the government is prepared to exact an equal sacrifice from other parts of the community. And though this White Paper tries to prove that the government has been fair, it is unlikely to convince the delegates to the union conferences that will be held in the next two or three months.

The White Paper correctly points out that, up to 1948, wages and prices rose while dividends were relatively stable—a slight and necessary redistribution of income. But it argues, quite wrongly, that since 1948 wages and unearned income have both increased by about 63 per cent., and that the workers have therefore had their fair share of increased output. This estimate takes no account of the larger number of employed people, or of the greater number of hours worked. And ordinary dividends have been rising much faster than wage-rates—three or four times as fast in the last two years, though this may be concealed by expressing them in tax-free terms, as a percentage of real capital, or by spreading dividends over bonus issues. The unions recall that income-tax was cut last year while purchase-tax was increased, that interest rates and rents have been pushed up while subsidies have been cut. Such facts are just as real to an employed worker as the prospect of an export crisis, and the White Paper has not argued them away. In fact, union wage policy will be influenced much less by Mr. Macmillan's "partnership" appeal than by his budget. So far he has simply followed Mr. Butler, raising interest rates, restricting hire-purchase and cutting subsidies. If the coming budget repeats this pattern, then union wage claims are likely to be pressed, even if the credit squeeze seems to be creating some unemployment. The Economic Survey shows that the government, for its part, is bent on cutting consumer spending, and it clearly intends that the main cut shall be in the real income of the working-class.

Ourselves Again . . .

Happily we have been able to switch this issue to our usual printers and here we are more normally clothed. It will be a relief to our readers and to our advertisers to get back to letterpress printing, but we should in fairness add that the deficiencies in our emergency issues were in no way the fault of our temporary printers—Les Petit-Fils de Léonard Danel—who through the agency of Le Livre Universel, Paris, undertook to reproduce faithfully the imperfect type-written scripts we passed them. Danel is, in fact, one of the famous names in French printing.

Our Spring Books Number, postponed by the printing dispute, will now be published on April 14, and plans are already going ahead for our special Silver Wedding Number, commemorating the marriage of *The New Statesman* and *The Nation*.

Polio Vaccination and Lung Cancer

Two medical problems have in the last few weeks made an unusually sharp impact on public opinion. First polio vaccination: the parents of five million children between two and nine years old have had to decide whether to risk the modified Salk vaccine or the summer polio epidemic. There has been much criticism of the Ministry of Health—most of it garbled and inconsistent: medical opinion, to the confusion of anxious parents, has wobbled. Why not wait for a live vaccine—the attenuated virus—instead of the killed virus? Why not wait until a proper "pilot" scheme had been operated? Were we sure it was safe? Were we sure that it was effective? A live virus vaccine would certainly give longer protection; but the public health authorities have not been unreasonable in arguing that a brief protection is better than none; that the safety of a live vaccine would take years to establish; that the vaccine to be used is safe; and that, if need be, booster inoculations could be given in future years.

As for the pilot tests, approximately 10 million American children have been vaccinated without mishap since the precautions were tightened up after the early disasters. The real headache of the Minister of Health has been whether there will be enough vaccine to deal with even one in ten of the children eligible for it.

The second problem is lung cancer. The argument is no longer whether there is a correlation between cancer and cigarette smoking. Medical authorities are now agreed that, even though the precise causative factor in cigarettes is still being argued about, the statistical evidence is inescapable. This much the Minister of Health has at last admitted, though, despite advice from both the Standing Medical Advisory Committee and the Central Health Services Council, his parliamentary answers last Monday show that he is still not prepared to take positive action. The value of propaganda addressed to the hardened smoker may be arguable—though on the latest evidence from Bradford Hill and Doll even these may improve their chances by cutting down the number of their cigarettes. But what is far more important is an intensive campaign of public education to discourage the young from starting the tobacco habit.

News from our Own Correspondents

Paris

M. Dides and the Americans

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Every day for the past two weeks the French public has been reading long accounts of a trial, in which ministers, ex-ministers and past and present chiefs of the police force have been coming forward to give contradictory evidence. I dare say there are only about a dozen people who can by now make sense of the affair. The four actual defendants (three senior officials and a former journalist—a police informer) are rarely the centre of interest; they seem more like spectators at a public entertainment—sitting, incidentally, in the best seats.

Spy cases are always complicated; but it becomes impossible to complete the jigsaw when the main pieces are missing. What, in fact, is this affair all about? In September, 1954, detailed accounts of the proceedings of the Committee of National Defence were found to be in the hands of an anti-Communist group directed by Police Commissioner Dides, who has since become a Poujadist deputy. His object was to produce these documents in a manner which would do the maximum damage to M. Mendès-France, who was then Prime Minister and at the peak of his popularity. The source of M. Dides' information—and equally the interest in which his group was working—remain mysteries. There is a well-informed belief here that they are unlikely to be cleared up unless attention is directed to the close link between the French police commissariat and a certain F.B.I. agent who was attached to the U.S. Embassy.

In the course of the present inquiry, the political personalities involved and the chiefs of the various police services—traditionally at loggerheads in France—have all come forward to establish their own probity; and this has had the effect of turning the trial into a political battle. Only M. Mairey, the director-general of the Sureté Nationale, has been prepared to get down to brass tacks; he declared roundly that M. Dides was an American agent, and that evidence could be produced to prove this if the court would sit *in camera*. The next day, however, he was forced to say that his minister had forbidden him to bring the evidence. This wasn't very surprising. Mr. Dillon, the American ambassador, had just made a declaration of U.S. support for France over Algeria, and it appears that the French Minister of the Interior considered this an inopportune moment to turn the spotlight on to the activities of the American secret service.

The real story will never in all likelihood come out. Whether or not the accused are convicted—and two of them seem certain to be—is not very important. The real issues are the action of a group of policemen and high officials in organising such an extraordinary coup against the government in power; and the fact that the plot seems to have involved the secret service of an allied nation. These questions will naturally remain unanswered.

New Delhi

The Aftermath of Mr. Dulles

A Correspondent writes: Seen in perspective, the recent meetings of Seato looks like a clumsy retort to the tour of India by Bulganin and Krushchev. The Russians, ears to the ground, sensed the political advantage of supporting the Indian case on Kashmir and they introduced it into many of their speeches—to the delighted applause of their audiences. Pakistan's countermove, supported by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and encouraged by Mr. Dulles, was to secure the reference to Kashmir in the communiqué issued at the end of the Seato conference. "Pakistan desires support from its friends," the Pakistan Foreign Secretary is reported to have said at a closed session of the Conference. He seems also to have warned his seven colleagues (from Britain, France, the U.S., Australia, New Zealand, Thailand and the Philippines) that "the failure of our friends to support Pakistan will provoke unfortunate repercussions because it will strengthen those who object" to her membership of Seato and the Baghdad Pact. To this Mr. Dulles added a footnote that Pakistan must be supported in order "to prevent public disillusion over the fruits of a strong pro-western alliance."

The Indian Prime Minister, announcing last week that his government had protested to the countries concerned at the unusual procedure adopted by Seato, added his regret that "three other Commonwealth countries have associated with the offending declaration." Nobody can doubt Mr. Nehru's support of the Commonwealth. He emphasised it again during the recent very popular tour by the Mountbattens. At the same time Pakistan, in declaring last week her new republican status, formally announced that she too would continue her symbolic association with the Commonwealth. It is now more than ever urgent for these two Commonwealth neighbours to find a solution to the Kashmir problem; and it is precisely this which the Seato Conference has made more difficult.

The three western Foreign Ministers, who went on to Delhi at the time of the Karachi meeting, agreed that the situation in western Asia was explosive. Recent incidents between border units in the Punjab may have been small scale. But, as Mr. Nehru explained to Mr. Dulles, "whatever the object of the U.S. in giving military aid to Pakistan, in Pakistan itself the resulting acquisition of military strength has been generally welcomed, not because it will increase Pakistan's defensive capacity against a potential aggressor, but because they hope thereby to be able to settle disputes with India from what is called a position of strength." He added a welcome to the Pakistan Prime Minister's proposal for the demarcation of the Indo-Pakistan border—this India was prepared to take up immediately—and his suggestion of a declaration that India and Pakistan would never go to war. Left alone, the two countries might have a better chance of settling their problems. Neither Russian support for India nor western support for Pakistan is likely to do anything but confuse the issues.

Westminster

The Road To Disaster?

Mr. Iain Macleod, that assured and hard-hitting product of the Conservative Central Office, who is now Minister of Labour, seemed to be playing pianissimo. Was this by contrast with Mr. George Brown who had immediately preceded him and who belongs to the bulldozer school of orators?

Anyway, Mr. Macleod was rumbling through his Ministry of Labour brief, dropping statistics and bromides about the ears of the few members who could hear him, when, suddenly almost as an aside, he let fall the most important pronouncement yet made on home affairs by the present government.

We had been discussing the short-time working and unemployment in the motor, radio, cotton and other industries, and George Brown, in an able and courageous speech, had admitted that the present position was not yet serious. But, looking outside of and beyond that position to the wide balance of payments problem, Brown had declared that the government really must give some lead about the kind and quantity of production it wanted from British industry. It should encourage essential production and discourage production that was futile or inessential.

To this, Macleod replied that such matters were "not the responsibility of the government but the responsibility of industry." This is, of course, old-time Tory philosophy, but with the emergence of such men as Butler and Macmillan, who seem to accept some degree of central planning, it has been put into the background in recent years. Yet here was a Minister of the Crown saying it, and not as an aside, for he repeated it when challenged by Brown.

I remember how in the twenties, when the radio boom was on, hundreds of firms tried to

cash in on it. Capital was poured into plant and machinery, workers were attracted not only from the unemployed but also from other industries, and a year or two later, when half the firms went bust, most of this capital was lost and the unemployed pool became a lake. This seemed a perfect example of the waste that follows from leaving things to the working of the profit motive. Such things happen over and over again when governments leave the responsibility to industry.

The present troubles of the motor industry are in part due to immediate government policy. In contrast to Sir Stafford Cripps, the government has allowed the motor industry to sell where it liked. This meant that the industry went for the easier home market instead of battling away with exports. When the government subsequently purchase-taxed and credit-squeezed the home market, the industry could not get back its footing in the export markets. Its products, aimed at the home market, were too costly and unsuited to overseas taste. So there is short time and redundancy in an industry which ought to be playing a major part in the balance of payments battle. Yet Mr. Macleod says that this is "not the responsibility of the government."

Every Labour speaker disagreed with him. To them it was a major government concern that a high proportion of British cars should be exported, and that meant not only directing exports but making sure that the cars were suitable for export. That in turn meant stopping the wasteful investment in small units and a wide variety of models, which meant high cost production, in favour of concentrating production on fewer models in fewer and larger units.

For Bob Mellish and many others that in turn meant nationalising the motor industry. But it meant more than that. It meant making sure that if workers were displaced from the motor industry, other work, equally essential for the balance of payments, should be made available by government planning and action.

Similarly with the cotton industry, there are serious doubts whether the American section will ever again be able to compete with its rivals in Japan, India and China—and indeed there are sound arguments for saying that it should not try to, since these countries, like ourselves, have to export something if they are to live peacefully. But if spinners and weavers in the "coarse" and "medium counts" end of the Lancashire trade are to be displaced, they must be found alternative work of equal value to themselves and to the community.

But the only help that the government and Mr. Macleod intend to offer is to notify them, through the Labour Exchanges, what vacancies are still open. No effort will be made to see that such vacancies, if any, are near their homes or in work which is important to the nation. It will not matter if a man is forced to leave an essential industry and goes to work in a chewing gum factory. That is up to industry. It is not the responsibility of the government.

If this really is to be the policy of the government, it is difficult to see how Britain can ever balance her payments. It might well be that in the course of years, with or without a continuance of the credit squeeze, bankruptcies among the smaller firms may eventually reduce the motor industry to two main firms of sufficient size to adopt the methods which alone can allow us to compete in the mass-production world market. But, as things are, both those firms are likely to be American—Fords and Vauxhalls—and the process which produces this probably undesirable end is likely to be long, painful and wasteful.

But even if by this lengthy process in the motor and other industries exports were at last boosted, there would still remain the problem of imports; and that problem cannot be solved unless we develop non-dollar sources of supply and make sure that what we do import is used for essential purposes. But if that is to be the responsibility of industry and not of the government, we can be sure of continuing to import many dollar things which are not really necessary and of using necessary imports for unnecessary purposes.

So I think that Iain Macleod, by his honest, clear and responsible restatement of Tory policy, has performed a service which he did not intend. He has shown even the most bi-partisan-minded of Labour leaders that the gulf between them and the Tories is too wide to be bridged. The Tory government proposes to follow a policy which Labour thinks must end in disaster. When that disaster comes, Labour will now be more ready to adopt a policy so far reaching along the road of priorities that it may even include a wages policy.

Macleod, in fact, has helped to make the Labour Party more Socialist. It is sad that a national crisis will precede Labour's new opportunity to put its Socialism into effect.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS

J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: "I have just realised—too late to retrieve my error—that in my column last week I accused Jim Griffiths of responsibility 'for the deportation of Seretse Khama and the Kabaka of Buganda.' This was a first-class howler. Seretse was indeed deported during the period of the Labour government—though Griffiths was not directly responsible; but the Kabaka was banished by Oliver Lyttelton and it was Griffiths who led the Labour attack on the Tory government for its action. I sincerely apologise to Jim Griffiths for an appalling lapse of memory." We fully associate ourselves with Mr. Mallalieu's apology.—ED. *N.S. & N.*

Marriage and Happiness

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce is a fascinating reflection of official humbug. Most of the recommendations follow smoothly enough from the assumptions; but the assumptions bear little relation to ordinary life. It would be unfair to suggest that all the proposals are bad: on the contrary a number of them, especially when they touch on the care of children, are good. But the progress they suggest is only on points of detail. On central issues of successful marriage a divided Commission naturally failed to shift from the preconceived positions of half a century ago.

The crux of the matter is the problem of what can loosely be called divorce by consent. Despite the views of a sizeable minority, the Royal Commission has not been willing to recommend this. Yet husbands and wives are surely themselves the best judges of whether or not their marriage is worth perpetuating; and even Her Majesty's judges, within the limits of the existing law, constantly use their discretion to recognise the principle that perpetuating a ruined marriage is contrary to public policy. But it is comparatively rare that the breakdown in a marriage stems from an act of adultry or even cruelty—these are themselves usually symptoms. Therefore to confine divorce, as the Royal Commission broadly does, to the "matrimonial offence" is at the same time to encourage deceit, to discredit the process of law and to remove the institution of divorce from the realities of human experience.

To say that on this score the Royal Commission has done a deplorable job is not merely to clamour for easier divorce. On the contrary, it is those who insist that divorce should be the almost automatic result of the arbitrarily defined matrimonial offence who both cheapen marriage and put a premium on the morals of the farmyard. This in effect is the most compelling reason for reform of the existing law. There is no healthier relation between individuals than that of successful marriage; there is certainly none more destructive than the prolongation of a marriage which has failed—especially from the point of view of the children, whose happiness and fulfilment is all important.

One might write off the results of the Commission's labours as being of very little account—and in any case doomed to be ignored by most of the public—were it not for the fact that so much useful investigation of marriage in modern society is urgently needed. Can it really be true, for instance, that the needs of the children (to say nothing of their parents) are best provided for by the rigid formulæ of the Church? Are the eminent members of this Commission so out of touch that they are unaware that the orthodox Church view of marriage was based on the need to protect women and children from destitution if their husbands and fathers deserted? Hasn't our view of all these things changed since the emancipation and employment of women?

The problem of divorce is real enough and not confined to Britain. Other contemporary societies are also facing the difficulty of matching their matrimonial customs with modern needs and beliefs. The U.S. has equated its institutions with its general pattern of behaviour by encouraging a system of ephemeral marriage. The U.S.S.R., after a period of cheapening marriage, has reverted to an enhanced and rather puritanical emphasis on the importance of family life—coupled, be it noted, with reasonable divorce laws. The problem is made greatly easier in Russia by the almost total absence of commercialised sex. Of the two, the Soviet solution seems preferable.

Nevertheless, the British problem has to be solved within the context of our own society. Within the last forty years the sanctity and exclusiveness of marriage has been greatly undermined. This is probably bad, both for individuals and the community. At the same time, enormous social changes have taken place. These are by no means bad; ethically most of them are positively good. And it is at least arguable that the crumbling of our marriage institutions is occasioned by our failure to modernise them or bring them into line with any reasonably objective assessment of the needs of our new society. The making of such an assessment, free from cant and prejudice, is the job which the Royal Commission ought to have tackled. Instead, it has produced a vast tome, packed with examples, inferences and lamentations, and evades the sharp challenge of reality. The mountain has laboured for five years; but at the end of the labour it has brought forth nothing better than a fat, but still-born mouse.

VICKY'S HOLIDAY TRAVEL GUIDE

STAR SPANGLED CRUISES TO THE MYSTERIOUS EAST...

FROM KARACHI TO FORMOSA

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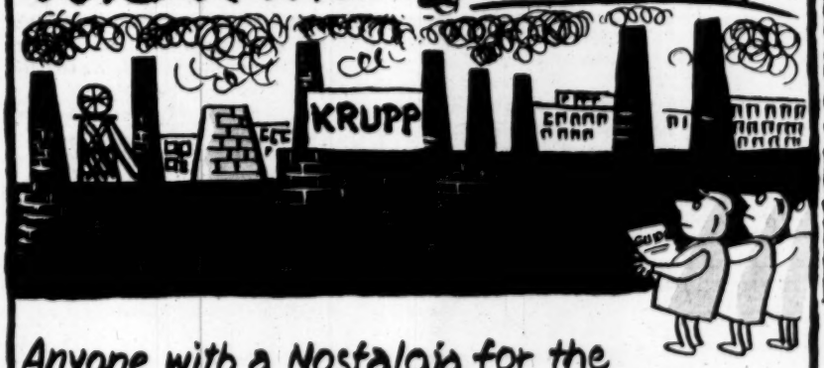
W. Germany wants to see you



Anyone with a Nostalgia for the Past will find a typical Old-World German Atmosphere...

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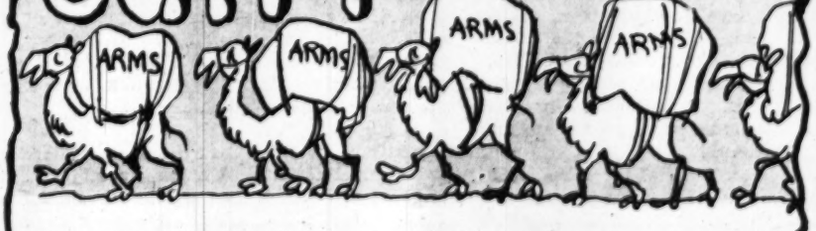
SEE THE SAAR

SPAAKISTAN RAILWAYS, BENELUX

EGYPT

WHERE ANCIENT CUSTOMS MEET MODERN ONES...



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A New Start in Kenya?

THE Mau Mau rebellion is not an event of which Britain can be proud. That it occurred was a reflection not only upon the colonial service but upon a European population that had failed in the aristocratic function of leadership. That at one point suppression was allowed to degenerate into a rival reign of terror in which white atrocities went almost unpunished, was even more discreditable. In three years we hanged nearly 600 people; but all this I believe belongs to the past. Someone once observed that no one was so beneficent as an Englishman who has had cause to feel ashamed of himself.

In military terms the Mau Mau has been defeated. Today they are a hunted remnant in the forest, emerging only occasionally in pursuit of food. The greater task of healing the Mau Mau is under way. What, then, is the Mau Mau disease? The healing problem would be easier if anyone really knew. We know that over 90 per cent. of the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru joined, but we are vague about why they joined.

Motives were probably mixed: hatred of Britain, a sense of inferiority, a desire for power, a fear of vengeance, the fact that the Kikuyu is a natural joiner and cannot bear to be left out of anything. All these things played their part. We know that witchcraft is involved and that much of the ceremonial is similar to that of British 17th-century witchcraft. Some believe that this was imported by Jomo Kenyatta after his sojourn in Britain; but the better opinion seems to be that witchcraft (like the technique of the cave draughtsman, which is similar to that of Europe) comes from ancient times before the Sahara dried and scattered humanity North, East and South.

We do know that joining the Mau Mau involved abandoning the tribe, and that the indecencies of the oath ceremony broke the tribal bond by outraging its moral values. It is upon this fact that the efforts of the government of Kenya are based. The purpose is to get the Mau Mau (and we have 46,000 of them in detention) back into their tribes. This involves persuading both the Mau Mau and their tribes.

The Mau Mau suspect is taken first to the local screening camp. Here he is asked to make a free and public confession; for by Kikuyu custom public confession is the basis of all forgiveness. Confession, of itself, breaks the Mau Mau oath and those who know the Kikuyu best have the greatest faith in its efficacy. It certainly appears to afford great emotional relief. I heard a number get up and confess and was impressed above all by their fluency. Apparently any Kikuyu is capable of making a public speech of an hour's duration at a moment's notice.

One I heard tell us how a gang from the mountains had come to the farm at which he worked and proposed to murder his master. The men on the farm had, however, said "No"; that their bwana was a good man and that they did not want him killed. A vote had been taken in this sense. A second farmer had been proposed for murder and the same thing had happened, but on a third name being proposed the men from that farm had said that their master should certainly die, and were congratulated by the general from the mountains who said that he had begun to fear that his visit would be for nothing. The meeting had then adjourned to the murder agreed upon and every person present was required to add his slash upon the bodies of the dead farmer, his wife and children.

Those who confess and have played a relatively minor part are released right away. The remainder are sent down to the great concentration camp at Manyana which at present contains some 18,000. Here they are maintained in healthy conditions but under strict discipline. They are looked over by teams of Africans from their own villages, and provided the village does not have too strong and too valid an objection to receiving them back, they are then sent to works camps in their own locality. It is here that the struggle for their souls begins.

I visited a number of these works camps and was deeply impressed by the quality of dedication I found there. The most remarkable was one for male juveniles ranging from 12 to 16. Here, an ex-regular quartermaster-captain named Gardiner was in charge; and Captain Gardiner is a man of genius. He had taken his camp and converted it into a public school. The boys were in houses. He had dug up craft instructors, and each boy was learning a craft. He had got himself teachers from other detention camps and built his own classrooms. He had built fourteen football pitches and had "organised" the requisite sports equipment. It was quite obvious that the boys were keen as mustard and enjoying it. Indeed, the District Commissioner told me that he was having trouble from the loyalists, who were complaining that their sons were not allowed to go. This, I understand, is being corrected in the autumn; and what began as a security detention camp is now looking to a permanent future as a voluntary boarding school on British lines.

The final stage involves the return to the tribe. As a result of the emergency the tribal reserve has been improved out of all knowledge. Kikuyu land is the richest area of Kenya and possibly the richest in the world. There is plenty of water, and three crops a year can be grown. It was being destroyed by erosion. As a security measure the people were brought into villages and compulsory communal labour was introduced, largely to keep the people out of mischief. This communal labour has produced immense benefits for the people. Individual farms have been created, service roads have been built and, above all, the land has been terraced so as to preserve the water and to save the soil from erosion. The result is that the Kikuyu reserve can now provide a good living for far more than its existing inhabitants.

I met a number of district officers who were supervising this work and was deeply impressed by their quality and by their enthusiasm. None the less the system is one that needs watching. Forced labour may be acceptable in wartime; it is not acceptable in peacetime. The young officers who have seen the benefits which it has achieved for the people are inclined to carry on with it. Law and order has been enforced by tribal police responsible to the district officers but not to the law. This, again, is something which must not continue, for Kenya must become a land in which all races are ruled by law and law alone; and in which the police are the servants not of the administration but of the law.

Reconstruction in Kenya is not just a matter of bringing the Mau Mau back into society, it is a matter of bringing them back into a new society governed by a new way of thinking. I went to Kenya expecting to find that the rebellion had created a racial hatred. Doubtless it has in some individuals, but my general impression was quite the contrary—that, in fact, all races had been shaken by the horror of their experience into a realisation that society in Kenya can be based only upon the races coming to terms with each other.

The Kenya settler has been subjected to much criticism. In some cases this has, doubtless, been deserved; but there is another side to the story. I stayed with one settler. He and his wife came to Kenya as long ago as 1907. Two hundred African workers live on his farm. Of these all save six had been born there, and those six had come with him. They had remained loyal throughout the emergency; the farm had been defended. He told me that the secret of his success lay in the fact that the schoolmaster had always been treated as the most important person on the farm.

I do not suggest for a moment that my host was any more typical of a Kenya settler than the drunken and irresponsible remittance man, who also has a real existence. There are all sorts amongst all the races, but if Kenya is to continue upon the road to civilisation, it can only be by the partnership of all the races, British, Asian and African. The white highlands should remain an area of large farms properly capitalised, but the white monopoly of ownership cannot continue. If the Asians, who outnumber the Europeans by three to one, are to become Kenyan citizens, they must have access to the land of Kenya. Equally, their young men must come into the administration of Kenya and bear its responsibilities. This is vastly more important than having a couple of Asian ministers in the government. Equally, Africans must come into the white highlands. The system of migrant labour and squatters on the farms, without security of tenure, must be brought to an end. There must be African villages where free African labourers can own their houses and gardens and sell their labour where they will. But all this is now becoming understood and, although not as yet universally accepted, is moving on the way to acceptance. Indeed, history may say that, for all its tragedy, the Mau Mau rising was the salvation of Kenya.

R. T. PAGET

London Diary

THE news that the NEW STATESMAN and NATION would appear in normal style this week reached me in Paris. Returning hot foot on Sunday I was gratified to see an unusually big crowd at London Airport waiting my arrival. Reflection suggested that some of these people might have come to look at the remarkable aircraft which brought General Serov from Moscow. I was admiring it from a respectful distance when an American voice said that he didn't see much to make a fuss about; he had expected, from remarks in the press, to find that its wings were even further swept-back than they were. I didn't argue the point. I was turning over in my mind the Soviet notion of public relations. To send this very up-to-date aircraft was an excellent way of impressing the West. But the result of sending General Serov in it was that columnists who have done their best to be objective about the changes in Russia and have tried, by fair reporting, to prepare the way for B. and K., have found themselves in the last week compelled to rake over the embers of Serov's unsavoury past.

* * *

Shall we ever know just what Krushchev really said about Stalin in the famous secret session? A mild summary of his remarks was sent abroad at the time, and it was no doubt from this that the *New York Times* was able first to report the speech. Reuters then bent every effort to getting a complete version, but the account that actually came to us from Bonn had clearly been blown out with extravagances that Krushchev is not likely to have committed since his audience would have

known better. I find it difficult to believe, for instance, that he really said all that he is reported to have said about Stalin's war leadership. The authorised version is, I'm told, shortly to be published in the Cominform journal.

* * *

"The Golden Cavalier," put on at the Scala by the British-Soviet Friendship Society, was interesting as an historical film dating from the early post-war period, when the devastated villages of Russia certainly needed encouragement to rebuild power stations as well as to get their fields cleaned and their crops planted. Viewed as necessary propaganda, I had no quarrel with this stereotyped picture of the Stalingrad hero outarguing stick-in-the-mud peasants about the need for electricity, and incidentally falling in love with the inevitable peasant girl, who is doubtful whether she can ever aspire to his hand while her job is merely looking after cattle. (She is, of course, promoted to an important job in a power station, and all is well.) This went over all right until we found that the front of the new power station was nearly covered with a vast picture of Stalin, that the peasants were writing personal letters of gratitude to Stalin, promising him more production, and drinking the health of the demi-god to whom they owed, etc. etc. Audible titters went up from the audience, a large proportion of which must have been Communist. And then followed the Soviet film of the visit of B. and K. to India. Overloaded with garlands—the audience were not used to this pretty but extravagant Indian custom—they travelled from one part of India to another, surrounded by crowds which were vast even on Indian standards. The most remarkable were, I thought, in Calcutta, where the welcome was far more political and hysterical and far less a jamboree than in Delhi or Bombay. It will be interesting to compare this film with the Indian version of the tour. Soviet photographers have played down Nehru and stressed rather less than I thought they should have done the extent of the new constructive work in India. But they have tactfully avoided any reference to the British, good or bad, and included nothing from the speeches of the Soviet leaders except their wishes for India's prosperity, for Indian-Soviet friendship, and world peace. The Foreign Office and western embassies, which suggested that the Russians were tactless to ask them to see the picture of B. and K. in India, could have watched the film without embarrassment.

* * *

Clearly this film version has had its effect in China—sometimes unexpected effects. Pang Hsun-chin, of the Central College of Fine Arts, for instance, made this charmingly heart-felt remark at a fashion forum in Peking: "Although I am not a young man, I felt a great urge to buy a Ukraine laced shirt when I saw such shirts in Moscow. Krushchev wore a laced shirt when he visited India recently. I coveted it very much." Judging from the minutes of this forum, jointly organised by women and youth, the universal blue boiler-suits of China may now give way to jollier clothes. Pang Hsun-chin, obviously very sensitive to colour, but also to party puritans, told the forum: "Our comrades will often find the following scene when they are in foreign countries: in the Moscow theatre, for instance, where there is a dark mass there is the Chinese delegation. We are against drabness, but a mass of colours is repulsive." So next time Critic goes to China he looks forward to seeing the girls wearing new dress styles—nearly 200 of them are said to be already designed, although we are not told whether they include the old-fashioned but delightful slit skirt style that you still see in Hong Kong. There are to be collarless shirts for a new spring look that are said to be suitable for women working in South China, and jackets with long sleeves suitable for fat women "as ordinary dress." Another attractive item is "long gowns with . . . collar and decorated with lace on the breast" for elegant evening wear. Most intriguing of all, it seems that in Shanghai you can see a women and children's fashion show where in one room "there are over 400 kinds of dress that have been in fashion since the Ming and Ching dynasties."

* * *

What possible right have the little oligarchy who run the A.A. to condemn out of hand the new transport regulations proposed for London? Something must be done if traffic is not to silt up. The A.A. spokesmen really give the impression of not considering the interests of pedestrians, or business or indeed of anything else except the convenience of people who cannot reconcile themselves to standing in bus queues or being squashed into Undergrounds. But this may be an unfair way of putting it. No mass observation has been laid on to find out what proportion of motorists use their cars in London (a) for reasons of snobbery, (b) because even in these days of parking clutter, they really find it an important saving of time to do so, and (c) because they really must use their cars. I suspect that we should find a large variety of motives and each of us would benefit by a little heart searching in the matter. Beginning with myself, I recall that not many years ago I used to find it quite easy to park outside my flat, near my office, and have my car to drive where I wanted at midday and in the evenings. When this became impossible, I decided to give up using the car in London, and as far as possible to walk everywhere. As a result I have saved money and kept fitter. Obviously my case is not comparable with that of motorists who live outside London. For many of them the solution would seem to be extensive parking grounds round all outlying suburban railway stations and Undergrounds. I see no particular advantage in huge garages in the centre of London. They would increase the number of cars that come into the West End and create new bottlenecks. But my complaint with the new regulations is that inadequate research has been made into the motives and needs of motorists. Shall we find that the new regulations will not deter any considerable number—that in fact, they are so wedded to their cars that they will regard the new regulations as another iniquitous tax on motorists, pay their new parking fees and fines, and go on grumbling?

* * *

Dramatic though Devon Loch's fall was in the Grand National, I felt that there was something infelicitous in one Sunday paper's reference to it as an "unspeakable tragedy for the Queen Mother," and I thought that Lord Rosebery must have lived a strangely sheltered existence during the last two decades when he referred to it as "one of the most terrible things I have ever known." Cynicism and sycophancy aside, the interesting question is why this fine horse came to a stop. Photographs suggest that he mistook the water jump—just off the course—for yet another jump when he was 50 yards from home and victory. Spokesmen for the R.S.P.C.A. advance the different reason that the Grand National puts a cruel strain on horses. A similar criticism is sometimes made of the Boat Race which takes place on the same day. On this the classical reply is the case of H. R. A. Edwards, who was rowing in the 1926 race as a freshman when he had a blackout shortly after the race began. Had he irreparably strained his heart? Oddly enough, he not only rowed in another Boat Race, but he broke an Olympic record by rowing in three finals in one day, was later recognised as the greatest oarsman of his generation, and since the war has been one of Oxford's most successful coaches. According to his trainer, Devon Loch showed no signs of strain, and was indeed particularly perky when he reached his stable. So perhaps this example may bring some comfort to the Queen Mother in her distress.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Two women sat drinking tea in their kitchen at Watford Way, Mill Hill, to-day—while a fierce blaze swept through the roof and upstairs rooms.

"We could do nothing to fight the fire so we decided not to panic," said elderly Miss Dorothy Mouradian. Her friend, Miss Janet Moir added: "The tea steadied our nerves."—*Evening News.* (Helen Dawes.)

Cricket is a white man's game. We should not play any more Test matches against the West Indies or Pakistan because coloured people are too excitable and lack a sense of sportsmanship.—Letter in *Empire News.* (H. Murray.)

She said she had carried out hundreds of illegal operations—on one woman she performed 14 in four years—and added: "I never slipped up." Girls had visited her over from Ireland. Her busiest times were after the Christmas and August holidays.

She ended her statement: "If I had had a better education I should have liked to have been a vet."—Report in Birmingham newspaper.

Happily for Archbishop Makarios, he is dealing with the British—were it otherwise he might have suffered a far worse fate.—Letter in *The Times.* (D. G. Irwin.)

The Tides of Spring

Because we wished you well, we could not see
When first you rose (for in you there was hope)
The blunders bred of your philosophy,
But turned a blind eye to the telescope.

You too were blind—for you refused the hand
That would have succoured you. Through tortuous maze
Of dialectics, twisting at command,
You went your devious and dubious ways.

How is a Science shackled to a whim
When one man pulls the wires and many act?
Lacking the reverence you gave to him,
We shrugged at Folly, but accepted Fact.

By mere existence you compelled respect;
And we, whose blunders were of equal size,
Sought peace—lest all our futures should be wrecked
Upon a heritage of cherished lies.

We did not know, when Ozymandias fell,
The hidden truth that lives, though nations sleep;
And Orwell's bitter pen could not foretell
The timely revolution of the sheep.

We have been fools. But, now the price is paid,
The future waits—the past need leave no sting;
Freedom and Peace have been too long betrayed:
Labour and Birth are in the tides of Spring.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Thoughts on the Unicorn

We are losing because we are backing the wrong beast. Our money should be on the Unicorn, not the Lion. We forget that a Lion, a creature of this world, is subject to time, that his claws are worn, his teeth mere stumps, his eyes cloudy with age, that he has lost his speed and his spring, that he has begun to shrink and is now dwarfed by eagles that darken the sky and bears that come rearing out of their winter caves as tall as fir trees. We have kept this Lion in captivity too long. He has yawned and dozed behind bars through too many years. When he roars now it is only because his dinner is late, and no longer because he wishes to challenge and terrify his enemies and ours. All sorts of shabby beasts come trotting up, give his tail a nip, screech in derision, and romp and prance within sight of his sad yellow eyes. Now that he is so old, Lion-taming is a corny act, well down on the bill. We know all this, but habit persists: we still put our money on him, and so lose it steadily.

Even now we are not risking the Unicorn, that odd creature which found its way on to our coat of arms one morning when all the sound types at the College of Heralds were busy elsewhere. Some unsound fellow, afterwards dismissed without a pension, opened a gate not marked on any plan of the establishment, to admit this fabulous monster. We tolerate him—after all, he looks pretty on summer afternoons, and the ladies, bless them, have always had a fancy for him—but, of course, no solid money, direct from the City, backs his chance, even at a sporting long odds. These are difficult times, when a fellow has to be careful, so all the important money must still go on poor old Lion. The careful, sound chaps couldn't agree with one another more: it's Lion or nothing, let's face it. And so that same nothing, a darkness in which now and again there glimmer phosphorescently some nightmare faces, creeps nearer and nearer.

We prefer not to remember that the Unicorn, just because he is not a creature of this world, escapes the withering processes of time. Unlike the Lion, he is as young as ever he was, as swift and strong; his eyes are undimmed; his single horn as tense and unyielding as it was many centuries ago. He was magical then, he is magical now. The enchanted kingdom he represents may be largely forgotten, but it is still there, awaiting our discovery. But, of course, if we lose faith in the Unicorn, if we are secretly afraid of him, if we deliberately pretend he is not with us now, then he cannot help us, for he is fixed, motionless and powerless, until we speak the word that releases him. Perhaps we leave that word unspoken, even declare we no longer know what it is, because we think that any such happy magic won't work. Too many of us islanders now believe only in the other kind, a dark sorcery far removed from the Unicorn and all he represents, and because we believe in it we fasten its hold upon our minds.

Under the spell of this dark sorcery, probably designed to make us follow the social insects, we prostrate ourselves before the vast cement altar of the unimaginative, the uncreative, the unenterprising, the uninventive. It is the cult of a dreary conformity. Only the dullest is good enough for us. No man is fit to be trusted unless he is a bore. Anybody with an idea must be ignored, and soon may have to choose between exile and prison. Originality and insight and enthusiasm are a bar to advancement. A sound man—and we want no other kind—does not interrupt the march of the zombies. No risks must be taken; no crackpots encouraged; but under the guidance of thoughtful, responsible men, following a well-tried plan, we must move with care from one disaster to another. All gleams of hope may be extinguished, but in a decent, sensible manner. And mesmerised in the deepening gloom we hear the voices of authority in town halls, banqueting rooms, TV and radio, crying: "Mr. Chairman, friends, fellow somnambulists—To-night I hope to be as repetitious, uninspiring and as utterly devoid of creative ideas as I was when I last had the honour of addressing you. . . ." And amid this mournful sorcery we forget that we still have the Unicorn.

Here we come to the grand ironic illusion. We islanders wish to impress the world. We might have decided to spend our time, trouble, money, putting ourselves into such a position that it did not matter whether the world was impressed by us or not (in which case it would have been vastly and astonishingly impressed by us); but the decision went the other way, so that we are committed to the task of impressing the world. *Hurray for the islanders!* the world must cry. But we do not hear these cries. Their absence is mentioned in the House, deplored in leading articles. The world now refuses to be impressed; it shrugs, jeers, sniggers, roars with laughter. Sounder and sounder men, absolutely dependable types, present at great expense our famous old Lion act, but everywhere it is a flop. "But look, please," they implore the audiences, "this is our Lion. *The* Lion. The one you read about at school—the identical Lion. Give him a little pat if you like, only, of course, be careful. Stop throwing orange peel, please. No, don't go away. See—he's opening his mouth. He may roar in a moment. Yawning? Never mind—hang on, chaps. In just a minute the Member for Podbury West, already making his mark in the House, will place his head in the Lion's mouth. Or—say the word, and the chairman of the Cosy Tin Motor Company—he'll be along in a jiffy—will ride on the Lion's back. No? I must say, you people are a bit much." It is all no use: the act is a flop.

But does nobody care about us islanders any more? Is there not even a murmur of admiration, a glance of respect? This is where the irony begins. Now I have done some travelling during the past eleven years, and all the way from Copenhagen to Cuernavaca, Tiflis to Tokio, the same thing happens almost everywhere. Fairly late in the evening, after a few rounds of bourbon-on-the-rocks, vodka, schnapps, saki, tequila, or whatever they are serving in those parts, the foreigners tell me that I am fortunate to be living in a country with such a noble creature, for which they have the deepest respect, the highest admiration. "Our Lion?" I exclaim, gratified but astonished. At once a barrage of emphatic negatives descends upon me. Who cares about that Lion? Please, is finish, that Lion. No, no, no, what is so wonderful about my island is its beautiful Unicorn. Boy, that's some beast! Comrade, we salute the British Unicorn! Honoured colleague, you must have for it much pride! And after another two rounds of whatever we are drinking too much of, they confess, most of them, that no such creature, so old and yet so young, so timeless, so potent in its magic, can be discovered now in their countries. And do we islanders realise how fortunate we are?

Unless the night is far gone, as a good Briton I pretend that always we are joyously aware of our good fortune. I suggest that the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and all his senior officials, the Lord Privy Seal, the Leader of the Opposition, the Archbishops, assorted chairmen of federated industries, T.U.C., banks, coal and other boards, and anybody else of importance I can think of, are Unicorn attendants to a man. I describe how we cherish the lovely creature, taxing ourselves almost to bankruptcy to keep him glossy and proud. How can I reveal, at that time and place, the melancholy and ironic truth—that we are all so busy feeding and grooming and petting the mangy old Lion that we hardly notice the Unicorn? How can I confess my suspicion that some of my fellow islanders in authority, just intelligent enough to be aware of the Unicorn, only fear and hate him, and secretly hope that soon he will gallop away for ever? How can I explain that these men feel it would be safer to live where that fabulous single horn has reflected the moonlight for the last time? So although I may hear in my head these complacent or fearful voices, I say nothing about them to the foreigners, admiring me now as a visitor from the enchanted land of the Unicorn.

It is my belief—and nearly every bulletin I read or hear adds confirmation to it—that the Lion can do no more for us, that only the Unicorn can save us now. We have reached again, as we must do at irregular intervals, the hour of the Unicorn. I am seeing it, of course, as the heraldic sign and the symbol of the imaginative, creative, boldly inventive, original and individual side of the national character. It is such qualities and what they have contributed to our national life and culture that are so genuinely and warmly admired by the rest of the world. It is the Britain of the poets and artists and scientific discoverers and passionate reformers and bold inventors and visionaries and madmen, that still dazzles the world. If we want to impress it, this is what impresses it—the Britain of the Unicorn. If, as I believe, this country is in danger of decline, only the Unicorn qualities can rescue it. If we continue to suppress this side of ourselves, refusing to be imaginative, creative, inventive, experimental, we are lost. But now there is hardly an unsound Unicorn man to be discovered in our public affairs, hardly a single gleam of that legendary horn. Yet what else have we to offer the world that it wants from us? The Lion leaves it hostile or derisive. The old roar is wheezy, only displaying the worn teeth. Nothing there to awe distant peoples into submission, nor even to earn their respect. Commerce, then? Not without the Unicorn touch; not simply routine sound trading. Are we more industrious and painstaking than our competitors? (Don't make me laugh, chum.) What advantages now have our factories? Have we even many skills not easily acquired by disgruntled customers? Do British salesmen outwit all others? What, in short, have we still got that our rivals haven't got?

To that final and terrible question I can only reply—*the Unicorn and all it represents.* Tricky, of course, risky, of course; mistakes will be made; all manner of rules and regulations may have to be broken; but a better prospect than that of millions on meagre rations, standing about again in hopeless streets, the victims of routine policies, timid conformity, minds without insight, courage and gaiety. So—up with the Unicorn! Make way for the unsound types, all those who made such a bad impression on the committee! Forward the imaginative men, the creators and originators, even the rebels and cranks and eccentrics, all those with corners not rubbed off, bees in their bonnets, fire in their bellies, poetry in

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J. B. PRIESTLEY

Fleet Street Notebook

I AM not much of a one in the normal way of things for deploring popular taste as judged—usually pretty accurately it would seem—by the Sunday press, but the scramble for the exclusive story of the chief hangman, Albert Pierrepoint, seems to me one of the most unedifying episodes in popular journalism for a long time.

Mr. Pierrepoint, it appears, has been preparing his memoirs of the 433 men and 17 women he has executed (not counting the 40 more he helped to hang when he was his uncle's assistant) for a couple of years or so, with the help of two journalist ghost writers. The House of Commons vote against hanging and the public controversy stimulated by it obviously provided an appropriate moment for its profitable release. He resigned the appointment held by his father and uncle before him and the bidding started. Several of the larger circulation Sunday papers jumped into the market with a will, and soon Mr. Pierrepoint must have pinched himself to make sure that the fortune dangled before his eyes (subject to income tax, no doubt,) was really true. The keenest bidders, I gather, were Lord Rothermere's *Sunday Dispatch* and Lord Kemsley's *Empire News*, both of which have recently felt the cold wind of falling circulation blowing through their editorial offices. The prize was finally won by the *Empire News*. It is reported to have paid for the serial and book rights a sum in the neighbourhood of £40,000—a substantial amount by any standards but not too high in Lord Kemsley's judgment for the exquisite privilege of offering the readers of the *Empire News* a personally conducted tour of the execution shed. Nor have Mr. Pierrepoint and his two ghost assistants faltered in their side of the bargain: all the details are there.

Ever since as a boy of twelve, carefully attired in his Sunday best suit for the occasion, he was solemnly taken into his father's confidence and adjured to be a steady lad so that he, too, could be public executioner in due time, Mr. Pierrepoint has taken pride in his trade. For £40,000, or whatever the figure is, he has given the *Empire News* customers everything, leaving out no detail of preparation or actual execution. Rarely can even those who thronged to public executions in earlier days have been able to secure so intimate a picture of the last moments of condemned men and women as that which is now offered weekly in the interests of the circulation of Lord Kemsley's premier popular Sunday journal. Mr. Pierrepoint is not restrained by any delicacy. He describes with particular care the look that comes into a man's eyes when his arms are being pinioned. Nor does he disdain a modest pride in his own efficiency. "I hanged John Reginald Christie in less time than it took the ash to fall off a cigar I had left half-smoked in my room at Pentonville," runs the opening sentence of this week's instalment. After which he went back and finished his cigar.

The Home Office, which perhaps has a less high-minded view of what is due to the public than comes natural to the *Empire News*, is now considering prosecuting Mr. Pierrepoint under the Official Secrets Act for disclosing information obtained in his official capacity. It has warned the *Empire News* that such a charge may be brought. So far the *Empire News* is undeterred. Too much is at stake. In the interests of freedom of the press, circulation (the demand for the paper has been so great that only those who order in advance can be sure of not missing the future excitements promised: they include the last moments of Ruth Ellis, Heath, Haigh and Mrs. Merrifield), and £40,000 or thereabouts, it has announced its intention of resisting all gagging attempts. It is not often I find myself on the side of the Home Office in its relations with the press. In this instance it seems to me it has a clear case, and I hope it will not hesitate to press it.

In the meantime the *Sunday Dispatch*, having let the Pierrepoint prize slip through its fingers, has been making do as best it can with the diary of a less popular (if that is the right word) hangman, William Willis, without, apparently, any complaint from the Home Office. Unlike Mr. Pierrepoint, or his ghost writers, Mr. Willis, however, lacks the really popular touch—or he may have had more respect for the Official Secrets Act. As edited by Dr. Harold Dearden, his diary confines itself largely to such comments as "Stiff-built man. Good strong neck," and the ritual refrain which appears at the end of each extract, "Death inst".

With Pierrepoint across two pages in the *Empire News* and the circulation struggle what it is, this is small beer. The editor of the *Sunday Dispatch* has been forced to call up other reserves. In an earlier period of circulation danger the *Dispatch's* position was restored by a series of serial stories of which "Forever Amber" was among the most famous and successful. Some others, although not all, carried the story of feminine frailty to lengths that even Miss Kathleen Winsor did not go, bringing, along with rising circulation, so many sour comments from critics of the Sunday press that eventually Lord Rothermere decided it might be judicious to drop them. In face of current competition, however, the *Dispatch* has decided to get back into the serial market. In a heart-to-heart chat with his readers the editor has confided that "Rather than lower the standards we had established, I decided to drop serials altogether until such time as some new writer of genius arose and produced a story worth occupying a page a week in this newspaper." In the nick of time the work of genius has arrived. It is called "Liana—The Blonde From The Jungle." After reading the first instalment last Sunday, I can only say that the circulation struggle must be getting even grimmer than I thought.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Worthy of St. Paul's

Early last year the Corporation of the City of London commissioned Sir William Holford to prepare a plan for the area round St. Paul's Cathedral. His report is now before the public and the model of the scheme (surely one of the most striking architectural models of recent times) may be seen at Guildhall. At the time of writing there is every sign that in architectural circles the scheme is warmly approved. There are also a good many signs that elsewhere it is either coolly regarded, not understood or disliked. This is not surprising.

The key phrase of Sir William's terms of reference was "a worthy setting" for St. Paul's Cathedral. What can this mean? There is one obvious answer: a formal layout developed on the cathedral axis and so contrived as to throw the cathedral into maximum relief, to render it in the highest degree affirmative. Some idea of that sort, we may be sure, has haunted the enterprise from the beginning. For a time, it even haunted Sir William Holford. It is, undoubtedly, what the public expects. What is wrong with it? Two things chiefly. The first is that St. Paul's is not, as a totality, a baroque conception and is in no wise flattered by an invitation to become the climactic movement of an architectural symphony. The second is that the construction of a vast, continuous formal layout would mean, in effect, the creation of a new classical work of architecture in close proximity to the cathedral. This new work might be good or it might be bad. If it were *strictly* classical and good it would be abysmally inappropriate for commercial uses and therefore dead from the start. It would almost certainly have to be *loosely* classical, which would relegate it at once to the same detestable category as those buildings which Mussolini's architects so unkindly placed at the entry to Bernini's piazza. Furthermore, a formal enclosure in attendance on a building the size of St. Paul's, if it is to be of any real effect, has to be very big indeed: it has to create a feeling of complete repose and be an entity in itself—a prelude. Neither gradients nor economics permit of any such thing in the city of London.

One can, of course, envisage a more restricted formal space, whose continuous facades would be in the nature of a "fender." Fenders have their uses: they make for tidiness. A "fender" design for St. Paul's churchyard was produced in Wren's office somewhere about 1700—a weak derivative of Inigo Jones's Covent Garden arcades, interminably repeated. The drawings are not in Wren's hand, nor do they excite any confidence that the age which built St. Paul's was bursting with ideas about a "worthy setting." The fact is that the "fender" idea is not worth much. History has dictated that St. Paul's should rise sheer out of the hustle and chaos of a commercial centre. To ignore or try to wipe out that fact is to plunge into a sea of doubt.

So what *can* be done? One obvious, palpable benefit is to admit more sunlight to the churchyard and allow the cathedral to be irradiated. Another is to secure certain favourable views, especially of the dome and the towers. So much is obvious. But beyond these there is a grander possibility: that of remodelling the area around St. Paul's in such a way that the chaotic, arbitrary pattern of the city is brought into a local, precinctual harmony. This can be done—without artificiality, without archaism, without quixotic sacrifice. It is the natural and proud tribute of the twentieth century to the seventeenth. And this, it seems to me, is what Sir William Holford has succeeded in doing, with extraordinary technical skill and perfect appreciation of the nature of St. Paul's, both as a work of art and a historic building.

One glance at the model shows St. Paul's still rising directly out of commercial London. A second glance shows that here, in the cathedral neighbourhood, a special discipline prevails. Between Newgate Street on the north and Carter Lane on the south all buildings bear a conscious relation to each other and eventually to the cathedral. And there is space—not in one or two sweeping vistas but in a series of related

enclosures which surround the cathedral without isolating it. Sir William has seized the vital point that one does not necessarily want to see St. Paul's as one huge eye-full; indeed, there are reasons emanating from the evolution of the design why it is disadvantageous to do so (there ought, incidentally, to be a law protecting the cathedral from being photographed dead-on from the west).

Will the subtlety and realism of the Holford plan convince the Court of Common Council and the public? It will hardly sweep them off their feet; it is not what they were after. But it rings true. It is the kind of plan (I think the only kind of plan) in which confidence can be maintained over a long period and in which there is always room for further improvisation. It is a creation of the present; but it saddles the future with no intractable "masterpiece" of the nineteen-fifties.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Dusk and Dawn

THE Whitechapel Gallery's scheme of putting on retrospective exhibitions of the work of British artists aged about forty—Ayrton, now Herman, and later Merlyn Evans (what about Céri Richards also?)—is a good one. It gives the artist and us an opportunity to assess his achievement, not academically, but creatively because the assessment can considerably affect his future work. An artist's recognition of himself and his aims is by no means as automatic a process today as many people probably imagine.

The Herman show of about 70 paintings and 70 drawings dating between 1940 and 1956, is both impressive and revealing. An early section includes some expressionist works on Jewish themes and some pictures highly influenced by Chagall. The majority, however, are familiar Hermans—pictures of French and Italian peasants and of the Welsh mining village where he lived for ten years soon after his arrival in this country from Poland via Belgium. One can see Rembrandt's influence in his ink drawings, Permeke's in his painting, and—although I doubt whether Herman acknowledges this and I have not previously realised it myself—Millet's in his attitude to his subject matter which is nearly always that of labour. Perhaps, though, in this last case one should say affinity with rather than influence.

The show is impressive for three reasons. It reveals that Herman is a born draughtsman; his later drawings are more compact than his earlier ones, their boxes of space are more firmly constructed, but behind them all is the immediate ability to see the movements of the human body in terms of mass and the force of gravity. All his figures propel themselves, self-sufficient, with their feet on the earth; and, simple as that may sound, it is one of the acid tests of draughtsmanship. It reveals that he is a skilled and imaginative craftsman. He wants his paintings to be like secular altar-pieces: sombre but glowing, rich in colour without being luxurious, definite and yet mysterious. That they are like this is largely the result of the way he actually paints them: first working out the forms very carefully in drawings and then slowly and certainly underpainting on the canvas and gradually enriching with glazes. Lastly, this show reveals that Herman has a remarkably strong and undeviating character as an artist. His vision is absolutely consistent. We are forced to see all that he paints according to his own scale of values. It is comparatively easy to formalise a working figure and by this formalisation to emphasise stamina, endurance, silence; but it is very much more difficult to include in the same picture a dog, a sunset, a telegraph pole, and to make these also express the same qualities. Yet Herman always succeeds in achieving this.

Strong draughtsmanship, profound technical skill, a unified imagination—what more does a painter require? Why is Herman not as yet the painter he might be? The charge that his work is depressing is usually made by those who would prefer to forget that their so-called connoisseurship is the result of men working until the sweat stings their eyes. The charge that he is repetitive is usually made by those who require novelty to counteract their own boredom with themselves. Nevertheless both charges have a certain amount of truth in them. There is a repetitive passivity, a certain sense of hopeless endurance in many of Herman's works, and this also affects their actual visual quality.

If you compare objects in a landscape at dusk with the same objects at dawn even when lit by precisely the same intensity of light, you will notice an immediate difference; at dawn the objects appear to emerge from the darkness, and at dusk they appear to sink back into it; in other words, the way the shadows linger or gather shows instantaneously whether the light is coming or going. In Herman's dark coppery canvases all the forms appear as they might at late dusk, as though they were just about to be lost in what De Quincey called "the raven's twilight." In Rembrandt the dark is there for the discovery to flare against: with Herman the light sheaths all sharp edges and creeps on like a thief after all precious particulars. And it is this which gives his work, despite all its positive qualities, a certain visual limpness. In some of his larger pictures, especially in the huge panel of *Miners*, if the figures were silhouetted instead of half lost, even their broad forms would seem sodden and dusk-logged.

Marxist analyses of art have often over-simplified to absurdity. But Herman's weakness *is* simple—though that is not to say that it is easy for him to overcome it. The really significant fact about this exhibition is that Herman has spent ten years painting miners as if they were peasants, instead of one of the most lively and militant sections of the proletariat. His pictures of true peasants are exactly the same in mood as his pictures of miners. For him, as for Millet, the symbol of the strength of labour is the peasant, but unlike Millet he does not make us believe in the rewards of the after-life, and, accurately enough, cannot find in the peasant's position today any very certain promise of juster rewards in this one. Hence his mood of passive endurance.

Why Herman should have to distort the miners amongst whom he actually lived is not so simple. He does not lack political understanding, nor, as a brilliant piece of descriptive writing by him in the catalogue shows, spontaneous emotion. I suspect that the clue is in his early work. As an exile he understandably carries within himself a great weight of sadness and nostalgia. And I feel that even after he rejected this as direct subject material for his work, he projected it on to his new material. His desire to create "altar-pieces" is, I think, partly connected with this. After he has completed his ink drawing, derived from sketches and direct observation, he changes very little and seems to forget about his subject and to concentrate entirely on producing the rich, awe-inspiring image which he hopes will somehow give a timeless, general meaning—a kind of universal consoling recognition—to the life of his subject. And it is in producing this kind of awe, because it is in fact false—miners need leaders not consolation—that he falls into a subjective formula.

I make these large criticisms because I believe in Herman as an artist. In some of his drawings such as the *Three Miners' Heads*, in some of his more spontaneous oil sketches, in portraits such as those of "Mike" and "Gwyn," in his marvellous nude, he finds and declares the dignity and strength which are in his subject, and imposes no superstitions upon them. And in his less successful works there is still the rare discipline that is the result of an artist knowing that he serves something larger than his own talent. Nor am I suggesting that he paints workers advancing to Socialism as to Sunday School. The confidence to which his own choice of subjects should lead him, is that of Gorki's remark: "The world will always be bad enough for the desire in man to make it better never to be extinguished." When Herman becomes more affirmative, his palette may remain the same, but his figures will emerge into the light instead of receding into the dark heroically. We shall no longer want to light candles before them; they will open the shutters of our minds.

JOHN BERGER

Two Concerts

IT was to be expected that Edmund Rubbra would sooner or later write a piano concerto, since he is himself an accomplished pianist. On March 21 his Piano Concerto in G was performed for the first time at the Festival Hall by Denis Matthews and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent; and it proved surprisingly ungrateful for the pianist. We are unlikely to hear it played by Arthur Rubinstein. Anything in the nature of display has been firmly eschewed, and the solo part must be nearly as dull for the player as it is for the listener.

The first of the concerto's three movements is called "Corymbus," a botanical term intended to symbolise the fact that (to quote the programme note) "each idea . . . is, on its reappearance, found to be expanded." The ideas, besides being expanded, are speeded up, and in the process—it seemed to me—coarsened. As in so many of Rubbra's symphonic works, the beginning sounded wonderful. It could hardly have been more simple. The pianist's initial statement—a sort of vague, dreamy strumming up the chord of G minor, with the left hand dragging across the beat—looked positively childish as quoted in the programme; but when the orchestra answered with an inverted and transposed version of the same idea, the consequence was out of all proportion to the simplicity of the means; a poetical atmosphere was at once created—as though we were softly pushing off on a long voyage from some quiet harbour in the evening light. The magic lasted until we had rounded the bar and began to be buffeted by the waves. The high seas of Rubbra's symphonic developments are always alike: the same grey colour, the same rough orchestration. We chugged along, but all thoughts of poetry were now left far behind us; the strictly diatonic material, which had seemed so rare in the half-light of its first appearance, began to assume disquietingly commonplace features. The second movement is a "Dialogue," between soloist and orchestra, purely contemplative in mood, and without dramatic contrasts; it shows the composer in happier vein, although the piano writing is sometimes so unambitious as to come dangerously near to doodling. The finale, a "Rondo alla danza," offers once or twice the unexpected sight of this solemn composer "swinging it" in a few jazzy bars for high trumpet, but he soon regains his academic poise, and even introduces at the climax an *ad lib.* organ part with a highly respectable pedal point on the dominant. The concerto was framed by two cantatas, Vaughan Williams's *Dona nobis pacem* and Verdi's splendid and little known *Te Deum*.

On the previous night, Pierre Monteux conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a programme which was also unconventionally designed. The first two items, Schumann's *Manfred* Overture and Mozart's E flat Symphony, received performances that were decent but unremarkable, the Mozart sounding too thick because of a string-wind balance very different from anything the composer can have known or intended. Then Rosalyn Tureck came on, and played two Bach piano concertos straight on end: the famous F minor, and the G minor which is an alternative version of the Violin Concerto in A minor. It is delightful to see how large a following Miss Tureck has built up in this country, for she is certainly the best Bach player we have heard since the days of Harold Samuel. I cannot remember Samuel's playing clearly enough to venture on a comparison between their styles, but I am sure that Miss Tureck uses finer tonal gradations and phrases the music in a more free and personal manner than any Bach

pianist of recent years. She has completely turned her back on that rigid manner of contrapuntal playing which makes a Bach allegro sound like a sewing machine. In the two concertos which she played at the Festival Hall she chose unusually slow tempos for the allegros, and was consequently enabled to draw the florid lines with a proper shapeliness, expressiveness and beauty of tone. Unlike many pianists, she never allowed her fingers to wrest the control from her musical intelligence; even the most rapid figuration was full of variety and meaning. The conductor, though this highly personal style of Bach playing may well have been new to him, collaborated beautifully.

The concert ended with a reading of the two *Daphnis and Chloe* suites which is likely to remain a touchstone of excellence in the memory of all who heard it. Monteux, who conducted the first Diaghilev performances of the work in 1912, played Ravel's wonderful score as though he had just fallen under its spell for the first time. While doing full justice to the shimmering haze of light which lies on the surface of the music, he shaped its thematic substance with a hard, classical purity of line. The sun-soaked, Mediterranean music can seldom have sounded at once so voluptuous and so firm. At the end the members of the orchestra disregarded the normal conventions of the concert room and enthusiastically joined in our applause for the 80-year-old master who, with a minimum of gesture, had inspired them to such heights.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Almost Terrific

POWER is the theme of two films which are, or should be, powerful. The first is Robert Rossen's *Alexander the Great* (at the Odeon). He had already made a show with—at the nether end of the scale—Huey "Kingfish" Long. To his new and vaster subject he brings colour, spectacle, and incisiveness. The last marks off Alexander the Great from those gallimaufries of Rome, Egypt Troy, or Israel which are never far from the screen horizon. It is not just romance, it comes to grips with a real or possible world, with Athens in decline, Philip of Macedon, and the astounding half-dozen years in which Alexander claimed that world. The beginning plunges into nationalisms and wars; a new geography is in sight; cities go up in flames, and a man is a traitor who holds to the lesser cause; Philip crushes without vision; and his son grows up a prodigy of the new ambition, looking East. The struggle between the two—Fredric March as the "barbarian" beginning to stumble, and Richard Burton as (how should one put it?) a steel-blond Alexander, trained to invulnerability—reaches a fine climax with the scheming of the young god's mother and the murder of Philip. We have been sharply stimulated, visually enriched; and not only all Asia, but all Alexander, lies ahead.

If at this point the audience were allowed an interval—which with a three-hour film it might well be, and a step towards the Higher Cinema! —enthusiasms would bubble and anticipation strain. But then, for the second and longer half, how we should be let down! Not, let me urge, that Rossen loses his grip, or fails to provide splendours of realism and spectacle. The Greek skyline gives way to Persian silks and colossi, battles are fought, and the ancient world succumbs to the new—and Alexander to himself. But with such an adventure we require just the little more. Either action, the swift reversal of fate, must take our breath away, or the inner man must emerge. Neither quite does. The big, bloody battle dazzles but its contacts seem gingerly; and—no fault of Mr. Burton's—our man-god just stops short of self-revelation. Some talk of Alexander, and some will talk of Mr. Burton. He makes a fine figure, incisively seen, splendidly landscaped; and yet it is not enough. This is only to blame the film's development by its own high promise.

It remains one-third excellent, and two-thirds considerable. I should like to repeat that any failure in *Alexander the Great* is not such as to prevent our being grateful. It reaches very much higher than the Genghis Khans and Helen of Troys, but lacks the final mastery of, say, *The Seven Samurai.* This won't, I may say, prevent me from seeing it again, if only for the early opposition of Frederic March and Richard Burton, both at their best. An unexpected "wild, beautiful" mother of Alexander is offered by Mlle Danielle Darrieux.

She supplies the bridge—or walks the plank, for I don't find her quite at her ease in either film—to *Le Rouge et le Noir* (at the Paris-Pullman) made by Claude Autant-Lara. He has a mild, lyrical touch: not exactly ideal for Stendhal. The book page is turned—inevitable mark of a classic—and a respectful, insubstantial version follows. Most of Stendhal's social background is left out, the story has had to be telescoped, characters omitted. A great injustice is done to the maid Elisa, by making her the author of the anonymous letter. But then why isn't she even reprimanded? There are later gaps that must make the plot almost unintelligible to anyone who hasn't read the original. Even Julien Sorel, played by Gérard Philipe, has too often to look enigmatic while soliloquising his thought. (Mlle Darrieux is the sometimes enchanting Madame de Rénal.) The theme of ambition and the probings of hypocrisy are here the merest shadow of themselves. All very pretty—but, Lord, how dull! The carriage drawing up, the elegancies of high mass hardly suffice in a piece that isn't quite film, and certainly isn't Stendhal.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

STATE SECURITY

SIR,—Unmindful of the "no-popery" excesses in our own history, we have often allowed ourselves in recent years the luxury of censuring the "no-communism" excesses in the United States. We were quick to point out that there comes a point where the security of the state ceases to be an adequate excuse for the insecurity of the individual. Are we now approaching that point again ourselves?

A conference of distinguished privy councillors has recommended, and a government white paper has concurred in, a new series of grave encroachments upon individual rights. Both documents, interlarded with protestations of regret and reluctance, continually genuflect to the sacred principles which they attack. The danger is that this apologetic tone of presentation may successfully assuage the proper fears of liberals.

May I underline a few aspects of the new security measures which, I submit, ought to be alarming us?

1. Admittedly, there is reason to regard Communism as a creed which demands of a man that he should forgo his national loyalty; just as there was some evidence to the same effect in earlier centuries with regard to Roman Catholicism. But now non-Communists are liable to be victimised merely on the suspicion of Communist sympathy. What on earth does Communist sympathy mean? If I believe that Communist China should take her place in the Security Council, am I a Communist sympathiser? I certainly sympathise with the position she finds herself in over Quemoy and Matsu and Formosa. Is Mr. Gaitskell a Communist sympathiser since he sympathises with the Russian Communist claim for consultation in the Middle East? Does the sympathy Lord Jowitt evinced for Mr. Hiss make him a Communist sympathiser? Are those who sympathise with and share Russia's fear of a resuscitated Wehrmacht Communist sympathisers? The answer of course is, perhaps and perhaps not. We must await in each case the almost unchecked and uncheckable pronunicamento of MI5.

2. A second cause, surely, for legitimate alarm is the extension of the area of operation of MI5, its expanded influence. However conscientiously conducted, this body, like all secret police organisations, is extra-constitutional. It is above the law and beyond the control of democracy. There is neither public nor legal check on its activities; nor by its nature can there be. There is, therefore, one would have thought, every reason for confining its sphere most vigilantly to the minimum.

In particular there is great danger in inviting it to make political judgments. There is too much disconcerting evidence, indeed, that MI5, like the F.B.I., has only the haziest notions of what a Communist is. I wonder how many of its operatives could essay a satisfactory definition. The view is all too prevalent that a Communist is merely a man with radical or left-wing convictions. I myself early in the war, shortly before being accepted by the Navy (where, ironically enough, I ended up with a top-secret cloak-and-dagger unit!) found myself under suspicion by MI5, on two grounds. One was that I had publicly urged in the press the replacement of Mr. Chamberlain from the Prime Ministry as a first condition of winning the war. The other was that I had privately expressed the hope that Russia would join in on our side! But even if the precise charges against me had been less ludicrous, even had we in fact been at war with Russia, as MI5 seemed to suppose, it was surely the zenith of political innocence to suppose that so fanatical a libertarian as myself could have Communist proclivities.

3. A further innovation is that a man may be victimised if his relatives should be tainted with Communism. Indeed, he is in danger not only if he is unfortunate enough to own a Communist grandmother but even if he associates with Communists. What does association mean? If I fall into the error—as I confess to having done in the past—of having a drink with Mr. Arthur Horner or Mr. Montague Slater, am I liable for trouble? Again, the decision, I suppose, rests with the secret police.

4. But the threat to private citizens is now to extend even beyond those who are suspected Communists or Communist sympathisers or who have associated with Communists. It is to cover all "loose livers!" This, of course, is logical enough. Drunks may blab, while homosexuals, drug addicts, unfaithful spouses and others are of course susceptible to blackmail. This is an enlargement of the field indeed! How many of us have no skeleton, however small, in our cupboards? It may well be quite a small list. Even the most respectable and abstemious of heterosexuals usually has something concerning himself or some loved relative that he prefers to keep private. Indeed it could even be argued that the greater the respectability the greater becomes the vulnerability to blackmail.

5. Both white paper and conference report acknowledge but are undeterred by the fact that the victim may be convicted on the basis of "proof" that a court of law would instantly reject. Nor may he hear the evidence against him and is therefore bereft of the opportunity of combating it. Nor is he allowed legal representation. Indeed he may even be penalised without ever having heard there has been a charge against him. The "court" can judge him without his even knowing that it has sat. The conference regrets (and doubtless sincerely) these horrifying infringements of personal rights, but claims that they are irremediable. And so they are. The dilemma is inherent in the administration of justice by secret police. Even on appeal to the tribunal, a man will be in the position of seeking to refute an incompletely formulated charge brought against him by an invisible accuser on the undisclosed evidence of anonymous witnesses: no easy task, even if he be innocent.

The sponsors of these monstrosities who profess, I am sure quite honestly, to abhor them, claim that they are nevertheless at least defensible in logic. Logic, they say in effect prompts them to lead us into "an alien tradition." The logic is impeccable, but is the premise? I am not so simple as to suppose that liberty is an absolute. We have frequently to make a choice of liberties as we make a choice of loyalties. The government's problem is where to draw a line. Shall it be a little more risk to the state or more to the individual?

This far-reaching decision, by the way, is one that we should make for ourselves: we must not allow the American State Department to make it for us.

Chelsea, S.W.3. BENN W. LEVY

THE G.I. AND THE NEGRO

SIR,—I agree with you that the progress being made in the U.S. on the colour problem is immense. I have experienced this progress during my school-days and now in the U.S. army in Europe. However, the army has also given me a new awareness of the depths at which this problem lies, and it has shown me the overwhelming intricacies to be unravelled. In the past year in Europe I have had two Negro battery commanders and consistent contacts with Negro non-commissioned officers. Discrimination has lessened to a greater extent than in any other comparably sized group of American men. Discrimination may have some minor role, but in my observations, limited to this battalion of 529 men, ability is of most importance in promotions and job assignments.

Of more importance as to the nature of the problem have been my experiences with prejudice. It is difficult to differentiate between prejudice and discrimination, but for my purposes the former refers to the psychological complex involved and the latter to a man's opportunity to obtain satisfactory work and to earn a living suitable to his ability. In the army I have had views of prejudice in action in a wide range of intelligence and sectional origin. Men from Minnesota, Pennsylvania, California, Kentucky, Texas, South Carolina, Illinois, New York, and so on, present me with a picture, drawn from many, many discussions and arguments, of a deep-down, long-term enigma. A room-mate, from Illinois and a college graduate, replied in the privacy of our room to another room-mate's question, "Who's duty N.C.O.?" with "Some nigger." There are other examples. The *gasthausen* here, most frequented by soldiers on the hunt for fun, are as pure negroid and pure white as if the separation was decreed by law. If a German whore wants to belittle another whore she tells her G.I. patron that this other whore goes with "niggers." After a little thought it sounds pathetic, yet that is the situation. While at work and on duty the white and Negro get on well side by side, socially they are separate. In this racial isolation, illusions of racial stupidity or racial filth have no factual opposition.

Basically, then, the simplest way I can express the problem is as the deep-rooted beliefs and feelings American whites have that the Negro is inferior. The Negro is dumb, he's dirty, he's unpleasant and inevitably in the end arises the question, "Would you let your daughter go out with one?" If I had a daughter I could answer yes. I hope some day to see in this prejudicial facet of the problem the same progress that is now prevailing in the elimination of discriminatory practices.

Hanau, Germany. ARTHUR REISEL

NEW LOOK IN THE USSR

SIR,—I think we should guard against allowing ourselves to be disarmed by the frankness of such Communists as Spartacus.

He admits to a "tragic conflict" between his desire for Socialism and his desire for liberty. But he omits to say that, owing to his membership of the Communist Party, he has never till now been able to discuss this conflict in public, whereas had he been a member of a social democratic party he could have done so. If his main idea in joining the C.P. was to dispel some of the bogy myths about the Soviet Union, he would have had much more success if he had stayed outside, so that he could have been seen criticising the defects in Soviet policy and leadership as well as praising Soviet achievements; he could have been seen saying, ten or twenty years ago, the sort of thing that Togliatti was saying for the first time last week. But presumably Spartacus was a member of the C.P. for other reasons.

Further, if Spartacus happens to be a philologist, he must as a member of the C.P. have subscribed (at least in public) for many years to the theories of Academician Marr, though he must have known how little they were tenable. Later, he would have had the pleasure of rejecting them in public, because Stalin himself rejected them shortly before his death. If Spartacus is a biologist he must have subscribed, at least in public, to the theories of Lysenko, though like some other English Communists who have since left the party, he must have known how little foundation there was for them. And all this time Spartacus was in no danger of being summoned to either Stalin's dacha or the local MVD.

Surely we must all wait to see whether under the new regime, when Krushchev, Bulganin, Mikoyan and other leaders make mistakes, as they will, it will be possible for them to be criticised from below—say even half as freely as Mr. Bevan has at times criticised the Labour Party leadership. We also need to see whether members of western Communist parties will have the courage of their common sense in future, and themselves initiate such criticisms without waiting for leads from Moscow.

If that day should ever come, the situation would indeed be changed, and it might then be possible to discuss how far co-operation is possible between social democrats, who will still believe that in countries with a respect for law people should be allowed to elect non-Socialist governments, and Communists who will presumably still believe that people should be prevented from exercising such a choice.

"CIVIL SERVANT"

SIR,—The plea by Spartacus for a renewal of co-operation between Socialists and Communists exemplifies the Communist mentality for perfection.

In the past, Stalin spoke; and, since Stalin was the leader of international Communism, what he said must be right and everybody else wrong. Western criticisms of Stalin (almost identical with what Krushchev now says) were ridiculed as capitalist lies and propaganda. Now Krushchev has spoken; and since he and Bulganin are the present leaders of international Communism, what *they* say must be right and everyone else wrong (even Stalin).

Before, however, Socialists could even think of warming their hands at the Communist fire, Spartacus (and his fellow-Communists) should ask themselves some simple questions. For instance:

1. What *objective* evidence is there that Stalin was wrong and Krushchev right? And what possibility is there of obtaining such evidence?

2. What opportunities will be afforded in the U.S.S.R. for someone to defend Stalin? Will 15,000 pro-Stalin agitators be permitted to campaign on his behalf or put the case for his defence? If no such opportunity is to be given, how can we possibly decide whether Stalin is the villain he is painted? Or Krushchev? Or both?

3. If there is no possibility of deciding *objectively* between the merits of the respective parties, how can we have any confidence in what Krushchev now says about Stalin.

177a Stanstead Road, S.E.23. AUBREY J. YATES

SADLER'S WELLS

SIR,—If only Sadler's Wells would blow its own trumpet a bit more! There must be a vast potential audience which would appreciate what the Wells can offer but which, at the moment, does not realise what it is missing because there is so little advertising and publicity to remind it that the Wells is still there. It is a pity that there should ever be empty seats, especially in the remarkably cheap gallery, but too often there are; and not only for the more out of the ordinary works.

And what of the even more precarious position of the excellent Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, which, presumably because of the theatre's financial difficulties, is allowed to spend only three weeks at home this year? It would be a tragedy for British ballet if this company should fail, or, perhaps even worse, be forced by the strain of continual touring to reduce its standards.

35 Northampton Square, London, E.C.1. ANNE COWEN

MOUNTAIN LITTER

SIR,—While agreeing with every word of Elizabeth Coxhead's article, "The Mountain Trail," I am tempted to raise a question which has often puzzled me and seems to be of considerable interest, namely, *why* do we dislike litter? That our distaste is largely a matter of association was vividly brought home to me once by my momentarily mistaking a piece of blue paper on a hillside for a flower. My disillusion was a shock that set me wondering. Is the disgust rooted in fear of one's fellows as a whole? No. Ancient Roman or medieval "litter" doesn't trouble us. Is it a class feeling? I don't think so, because "decent people" don't like each other's litter either. Is it to do with the Age of Paper? Why should amphoræ be so much more respectable than old tin cans? Psychologists please explain.

24 Central Mansions, N.W.4. A. M. SAYERS

KIDS' CORNER

SIR,—Adult critics seem to view the anxieties of children with unnecessary scorn. Mr. Ken Taylor says that a 13-year-old girl anxious to get into her school hockey team seems to him more ridiculous than the same child worrying how to keep her boy friend. Why is either ridiculous? Devotion to friends (whether of the same sex or the other) and to running about after balls is natural to normal children, and neither addiction need be ridiculed by adults who have forgotten what thirteen was like. Does Mr. Taylor want to turn all thirteen-year-olds into Juliet Capulets and Romeo Montagues? As to that, if we had met Juliet before she met Romeo, we should very likely have seen her competing eagerly with her little friends at battledore, barley break and stoolball. Mr. Taylor would have laughed; I, on the other hand, should find it pleasing and natural, and should possibly have found this child more amusing than after she had been seized by her monomania.

Hinde Street, W.1. ROSE MACAULAY

PAMPHLETS AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,—How many secretaries of voluntary societies are aware that, if they do not send a copy of each pamphlet or other publication issued by their society to the British Museum, they are liable to a penalty of £5 under Section 15 of the Copyright Act 1911? My impression is that the Museum receives very few publications of this nature.

Quite apart, however, from the fact that it is desirable to comply with the law, I would suggest that it is important that all literature should be sent to the British Museum in order that future students shall not lack research material. It is, of course, also desirable that propaganda literature shall be available in the Museum.

Perhaps some Member of Parliament will ask the Treasury why societies who are breaking the law in this way are not prosecuted.

17 Victoria Street, S.W.1. ROBERT S. W. POLLARD

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—Most teachers collect school dinner moneys voluntarily. If they refuse to continue collecting, surely the responsibility for making other provisions lies with the local authorities? Critic is wide of the mark when he doubts whether we can advance our "cause" by "making it difficult for children to eat dinners at school." The many teachers who wish to use this sanction (and there are over thirty in my school) see it as an essential step, to impress on the authorities the necessity for immediate negotiations on a Widows and Orphans Scheme for teachers.

29 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. JOHN DIXON

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

SIR,—Columbia University is preparing a new edition of the papers of Alexander Hamilton. We hope that this will be a definitive edition which will contain all extant Hamilton material. We are interested in obtaining letters to Hamilton as well as those that he wrote. We would, therefore, greatly appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of the whereabouts of any letters to or from Hamilton or any other documents that he either wrote or signed. All communications should be addressed to Harold C. Syrett, Papers of Alexander Hamilton, Columbia University, New York 27, New York, U.S.A.

HAROLD D. SYRETT,
Executive Editor

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

Orchids, Cathedrals and Charcuterie

It is, of course, not possible to guarantee a holiday without pain: in that respect the travel industry is not as advanced as the dental profession. But ever since holidays became one of the manifestations of conspicuous consumption there has been no avoiding them, and a major social problem has arisen in consequence. It has been necessary to find ways of making the time during which we are deprived of the consolations of work pass without pain. A holiday with a definite theme which fills the void of time with a tolerably convincing work-surrogate is probably the most effective device for neutralising the *angst* manifest in the faces and manner of people beginning their annual, more or less obligatory run off the leash.

Possible themes are numerous: where the role of the holiday-maker is to be passive, that is where the theme is not to involve some form of violent physical exercise, then the essence of a theme should be *collection*. People of taste will tend to make small but choice collections: five examples of the plaster moulding of Pietro Bolognese, or three ways of making *crême d'oseille*: those who are merely energetic will go for quantity: forty-two baroque churches or twenty-three village wines. You may collect food, wine, mountains, rivers or lakes. Botany, bird-watching and music are popular themes. People of suitable age, personal advantages, and linguistic accomplishment may collect lovers.

I divide theme holidays into two major classes, the static and the dynamic. Static holidays are enjoyed in a state of rest and are suitable for those who find the accidents—in the theological sense—of travel, tiresome. Dynamic themes entail a state of constant motion from place to place and call for a vehicle of some kind.

I have at various times contrived to get through three longish holidays with very little misery by means of themes; there is no denying that they give you an interest. My three themes were orchids, cathedrals and *charcuterie*. Perhaps the most successful was orchids. They entailed getting out of the car at frequent intervals when we were in motion, in itself a good; and scouring the surrounding countryside when we were still. Among other things we discovered that only the English know the names of wild flowers; for the peasantry of all other European countries there is nothing to choose between a daisy and a cypripedium; they cannot eat either. Such a theme generates its own zeal. We became brave to the point of foolhardiness in scaling dangerous bluffs overhanging roads or even precipices, notably in the Ligurian Alps, to identify distant specks of colour in the grass. You develop hypersensitivity of the senses involved: we could identify an orchid from a car moving at sixty miles an hour. Any tendency to submit to the tyranny of schedule is neutralised: we waited three days near Lascaux for a plant, suspected of being *O. hircina*, to flower, thereby getting more opportunity than we might otherwise have allowed ourselves to visit the cave drawings.

Those who prefer something "to put in their eye" should try cathedrals. For this purpose it is not necessary to cover enormous distances for, of course, the same theme can be used for many years and will, in fact, help to solve the problem of temporary exile from the dear familiar. Cathedrals are very rewarding: you begin by concentrating on the Gothic, graduating, later, to baroque. The literature on the subject is copious and controversial and sides may be taken, this entailing the acquisition of an agreeable and rather esoteric jargon. It is also possible to collect bits of cathedrals: clerestories; windows: obscene or libelous gargoyles, or sculptor's jokes at the expense of their patrons. I was frequently in St. Peter's without discovering Bernini's lewd libel on Urban VIII, but a keen holiday collector would have been on to it like a shot.

The *charcuterie* holiday was not a really typical or classical food holiday. That usually entails going from one heavily starred restaurant to another, following Michelin or the advice of some gourmet. At a more exquisite level it may involve staying in one parish, suitably chosen, and concentrating upon collecting specimens of the *cuisine bourgeoise*. Far more difficult is *cuisine classique*: there are probably not a dozen restaurants in Europe, and most but not all of them are in Paris, where the canon is respected. A variant—the wine holiday—may be one of two kinds: the obvious—a slow and bibulous progress along the Rhine or the Gironde from vineyard to vineyard, or down through the Burgundy wine route; and the precious—a glass of that pale, *légèrement pétillant* Brezé here; there, half a bottle of some superb, unmarketed Beaujolais in a private cellar; a strange, green wine at a monastery near Split; a mouthful of the Tears of Christ, not the commonplace Italian, the Spanish, a black wine you know, drunk from the wood in a *bodega* near Marbeilla. It will be apparent to the shrewd that the "precious" wine tour is safer than the obvious kind: you may perfectly well discover oenological marvels without being able to tell Burgundy from claret, and talk about them with little or no risk of exposure.

Our *charcuterie* collection had its origin in a double problem: shortage of money, and a splenetic habit of body which sometimes makes it necessary to give thought to the avoidance of hepatic disturbances; in short, on the Continent one eats too much and gets liverish and broke. The solution is, of course, to eat only one ril mil, as Jack Warner used to say, each day, making lunch a picnic: a bit of bread, a glass of coarse wine, an olive or gherkin, a slice of *charcuterie*, and an apple or pear. The village shops of all France and the Low Countries, Switzerland, northern Italy, Germany, Austria and Scandinavia provide rich and strange materials for such a theme. But the countries where it may best be followed are Normandy and Brittany. The delicacies which a Breton *charcutier* can contrive from the intestines and extremities of a pig are, like Cleopatra, infinitely various. But every parish has something of its own; the collector must not, in his debut, be particular, but eat everything, which is apt to include horse, and, possibly, even less commonly comestible beasts. There are places where the salami is made of donkey and where, I fancy, the population of alley-cats is kept in hand by the pork-butcher. With the advent of discrimination the collector can "rogue" his collection, retaining only the finest pieces. A friend whose holiday theme is pictures asks you whether you know the small, blue Bardoccio the Elder in the small church of San' Damaso at Poggibonsi. You counter with, "Poggibonsi? They have a remarkable black sausage; but you should avoid the ham." You will know the one shop in Brest where the *pâte de tête* is to be had in perfection. You will admit the excellence of Westphalian hams, but know a village in the Pfalz where . . .

For, after all, it should never be forgotten that holidays are for talking about. It is only after the ordeal is over, when we are safely back in apron strings, reassuringly constrained by the need to complete a daily stint of gainful labour, that the colour of the Cornish sea is recalled as blue, and the rich mahogany of the Cornish tea forgotten; the Cimabue Christ in the Uffizzi remembered, but not the aching feet; the flavour of a Valencian *paella* idealised, the indigestion which followed it put out of mind. And it is a theme, with its potentialities for lively and intelligent comparisons, which alone gives order, *suite*, to reminiscences all too apt to degenerate into a shapeless collection of rapturous ejaculations.

EDWARD HYAMS

"All these foreigners always look alike . . ."

Tourist's Bible

THE Michelin is the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" of guide books. No French motorist would ever dream of letting in his clutch without that squat red volume by his side. Every year 750,000 copies are printed, and the edition is sold out before June. Yet British tourists continue to ignore this indispensable key to French good living. They claim that it is (a) too difficult to understand, and (b) too expensive. To point (a) the answer is simple. Anybody of reasonable intelligence who spends 20 minutes studying the key to the guide—which has an English translation—will have no difficulty in finding his way around. Point (b) is, of course, a matter of opinion; but anyone who is not inordinately shy will find that the 15*s.* he pays for the *Guide* is a good investment. The honesty of French hoteliers is not limitless; their fear of the *Guide* is. If you follow its instructions, and make it clear to your host that you have a copy in your possession, you will never be overcharged. My copy of the *Guide* has saved me, to my certain knowledge, over 5,000 francs—and possibly much more.

This, of course, is the function of the *Guide*. It is not designed to introduce you to the beauties of France—for that you have the *Guide Bleu* series. Its aim is to make your journey as comfortable, pleasant and cheap as possible. For motorists it is almost indispensable. It gives a complete, town-by-town list of garages and the makes in which they specialise—an important consideration if you are driving an English car. It gives accurate mileage distances between all towns and villages, which enable you to plan your trip down to the last kilometre. It keeps up to date on those crucial details—ferries across the Seine and Loire, passes in the Alps and Massif Central—neglect of which can lose you a whole day. Finally, it gives accurate and easy-to-read street plans of all medium and large towns—a valuable time-saver in cross-country travel.

Whether you are travelling by car or not, the *Guide* gives the most complete and recent information on restaurants and hotels. It employs, besides a full-time staff of 20 inspectors, some 2,000 correspondents stationed throughout the country. If a hotel is not listed in the *Guide*, you can be reasonably sure that it is either squalid or dishonest. This does not, however, apply to restaurants. A number of very important ones prefer not to be listed. Others are still struggling desperately for inclusion, and may well provide better service than ones already admitted. The smartest thing, if you are a real connoisseur of the *Guide*, is to visit restaurants which have just received inclusion, or their first star, and are still on their best behaviour. On average, however, it pays to trust the *Guide's* classification. Last year, the *Guide* introduced two new services: a list of restaurants which provide good *vin du pays* cheaply, and a list of those which serve a first-class meal for less than 600 francs. I have tested both these services and found them admirable, and the 1956 *Guide*, which is now out, has greatly extended them.

I should also draw attention to the Michelin regional maps. For long-range touring, the new tourist map published by the Government covers the whole of France, and is probably the most convenient. But if you wish to visit any region thoroughly, I advise the Michelin series. They have one unique feature: all roads, or parts of roads, which pass through pretty or exciting country are marked in deep green. You may not always agree with the Michelin inspector's view of what constitutes pretty country; but on the whole it pays to plan routes and detours which include the maximum amount of green.

This note, by the way, is unsolicited. The *Guide* never advertises. It doesn't have to.

PAUL JOHNSON

En Famille

THE holiday *en famille* can be a positive delight, though foreign travel with more than two children is decidedly awkward. It is more difficult than one would imagine to find beds for five, or even a restaurant table. You must also know your children. It is no good setting out to drive two thousand miles with a child who gets car-sick; no good making a tour of the grottoes of Han if your youngster is given to outbursts of temper or terror. And though hotel maids on the Continent are always willing to keep an eye on the children, it is no good expecting to slip out for an evening stroll if your child sleeps uneasily in a strange room or will not tolerate unfamiliar baby-sitters.

If the children are adaptable, you can plan a foreign trip that involves little renunciation—unless you are an alpinist, keen on dress rehearsals at Bayreuth or bent on waiting within hail till Sartre can spare you fifteen minutes. The great thing is to tell the children that it is their holiday, too, and mean it. Ask them if they would like to do this-or-that; it helps remove the suspicion that the whole outing is an adult affair on which they are being dragged along. Everything is new to a child, even a scene which the blasé parent finds boring, such as the unloading of a car from a Channel ferry.

Nor are the standard tourist attractions so purely adult as one might think. The Adoration of the Magi can be as fascinating on canvas as in a shop's Christmas display: stained glass, effigies, candles, all help make a cathedral a marvel for a child. And there is so much else—Dutch canals and windmills, the hour-gun and pigeons in Venice, the marvellous clock at Beauvais and the Sacré-Cœur funicular.

More practical problems. Take a detergent that will wash in cold water; baby foods; barley sugar and bottled orange-juice. In Mediterranean countries, fresh milk is hard to come by. If you esteem pasteurised milk, take a tin of powdered milk with you. Going by car, carry a small bag with necessities and toys—water or orange-juice, sweets, a slate and chalk, books, a flannel for sticky fingers—and keep the bag handy. This kit is even more necessary on train journeys. On trains, do not rely on a dining-car that may be crowded when you push your way down the swaying corridor. Sandwiches will serve better. Reserve seats if you can, and though window-seats may seem better for a child, corridor seats are more convenient. Where you can, fit your time-table to the child's normal rhythm: shut too long in a moving box, he is bound to become fractious.

Picnic meals make it easier to feed children without fuss—and save time and money. But only at midday. Mosquitoes can ruin a glorious supper by lake or river. If your children eat British breakfasts, the best solution—seldom resented—is to take a stove and cook in your room. Also useful are a folding bed—no hotel will object and few will charge if you put a child in your room—and a small push-chair.

The surly attitude towards children one finds too often in England has not crossed the Channel. If you don't mind your children travelling with you, no one else will.

JEANNE AND MERVYN JONES

The Mountain

SOME years ago I worked for a small travel agency in London called Pilgrimages, Ltd. The firm dealt with universities and miraculous centres in France, Spain and Portugal and I spent a lot of time transporting pilgrims and students backwards and forwards between London and the Continent. On one occasion I helped to conduct a monster pilgrimage to Barcelona. It contained a bishop, and attached to it was a small section of profane holiday-makers who were going to stay for a fortnight in Paloma. On arrival at Barcelona, I detached the holiday-makers and accompanied them on that terrible railway journey to Paloma, a nightmare of tunnels and smoke and long waits at hopeless stations like old age creeping on.

The holiday villas were up above Paloma, looking down on toast-coloured Roman walls, the cathedral, and the fabulous sea beyond. The area was known as the Mountain. It was nightingale and frog time, the olive trees shimmered in the sun, and the scarlet mouths of geraniums kissed the white walls. It was a minute world of its own, a maze of narrow lanes, flowers, distant laughter, of fairy-life apartness. We had been there a week when I received a telephone call from Barcelona. "Bad news, old chap," said my employer in a rather hollow voice, "we're stranded." "Stranded?" I said. "Completely stranded!" he said. "The Barcelona representative has run off with all the money. A crook apparently." "My God!" I said. "It's a poor show," agreed my employer, whose name was Thomas Edgely. "I mean, it's all right for us, we're used to roughing it, but it's a mess with all these pilgrims, many of whom are aged, and particularly the bishop." "Yes," I said. "Odd thing is," said Edgely, "the bishop thought the representative a rattling good chap and accepted a cigar!" There was a long pause and then Edgely said "Hang on, and do the best you can!" "What do you mean?" I cried. "We're all right here." "You're not," said Edgely. "The representative hasn't paid anyone any money. All your furniture and so on will probably be taken away, and the food." "The food!" I cried. "It's worse for pilgrims," said Edgely, uncertainly. "It's not worse for pilgrims!" I shouted. "You said the bishop told the pilgrims to endure gladly anything." There was another pause and Edgely said "This is ghastly!" as though he meant it, and then gave a weak giggle.

A few days later the fourteen guests of Pilgrimages, Ltd., were eating potatoes garnished with parsley, and a van called for the furniture, bedding, drapery, curtains and the remaining sacks of potatoes. In desperation, I called at a neighbouring villa, and was immediately given meat, vegetables and fruit. The holiday clients were invited over and we had a fiesta with dancing in the garden. A few days later my employer managed to have money cabled from London, and, beyond the shock sustained by four young clergymen who had been housed in a brothel and had not dared, or not guessed enough, to protest, affairs were settled and we returned to London.

But every year I dropped in at Paloma. Casablanca, my drunken acre of Soho, Tangiers, despair, boredom, joy frosted Rome, lutes in the Atlas, suddenly I was back opening the villa gate to the dogs barking, the tall, dancing tree over the family table, the joke acorns that had grown to laughing oaks. Bit by bit, I got to know the people of the town. It was a place of enormous squares like chessboards where old men sat waiting for death or wine, where the young

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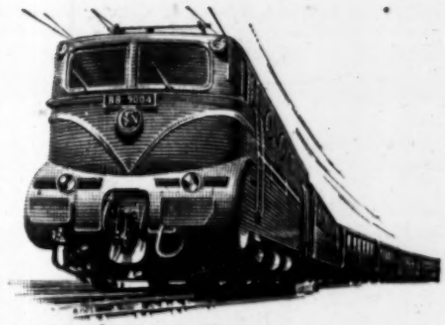

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paraded in an evening boast of courage and love. Hidden away in the old crumbling walls was a colony of artists, and one of these was Don Roberto, a thin man of devotion who painted long, beautiful Spanish saints as old as faith itself. His studio shivered to the shrill of French girls, and he spent a great deal of time at honest confession. Then there was a complex family of Peruvian basket weavers who lived on the Mountain, and the last time I visited Paloma I brought an English friend with me who completely disorganised the life of the community. We had travelled from Boulogne to Barcelona, quarrelling about writing and women, and when we arrived in Paloma my friend came face to face with Senora Dona Maria de las Torres and scandal broke loose. After he had left I met Clark Wilbur Watson.

Clark Wilbur Watson was a tall, handsome American. He possessed two villas on the Mountain, a pretty wife, three children, seven dogs and the normal American gift for hospitality. Directly after I had met him at one of the villas, he asked me to have dinner with him the next day. On arrival, he greeted me in the star-dappled garden with rye highballs and a variety of concocted hamburgers.

From where we sat I could see the lights of Paloma, and there was a breath of cooling flowers. A nightingale startled the air. "I am writing a book," said Mr. Watson, "on Human Political Essence, in three volumes." "You have certainly chosen a fine place," I said. "What is your opinion of Human Political Essence, Mr. Carson?" asked Watson, handing me a cigar. "It depends," I said. I loathe political discussions, am unsure of my point of view. The magic of the evening was torn apart, and I wanted to take the next train to Madrid. But the argument continued all through dinner and led to an absurd row. As I left, I had the impression that Watson was secretly laughing.

A few days later I was at another party on the Mountain. The Peruvians were there. "All Americans," said Dona Maria, "rent villas to write books on Human Political Essence, but why has he rented two villas? And one of the villas is always locked. And why does he invite us to his house and make a row about politics?" Somebody suggested he was an official U.S. agent. "After all, even people from Madrid think Paloma is the centre of Catalonian independence, because we always talk Catalan and loathe flamenco and make jokes about the Caudillo. So he might be spying on us in that heavy American way. Trends and so on."

One day Watson invited all the Mountain to his villa to have a conversazione. "I'm getting out of touch," he confessed, "Human Political Essence is a vast subject and I want to get to know what Spanish people are thinking about philosophical matters. Let's make it Unamuno. The life of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Would you be kind enough to buy as many copies as you can in the local libraries and then we can dish them out?" About a week later the discussion was held and ended in the usual fracas. Wilbur Watson seemed to be firmly convinced that Unamuno's preface should be treated as an open encitement to rebellion. "What else can he mean by 'Let us at once commit a barbarity'? By attacking religion and established morality?" "Nothing of the sort," shouted Don Roberto. "He means a spiritual rebellion." "Are you sure?" asked Watson. "Do you think we carry bombs?" cried Dona Maria.

A week later a man called to see me at my house. He showed me his badge. "Senor Antonio," he said, "I wish to make inquiries about a certain matter. It has come to our notice that all copies of a certain book, namely a work of Unamuno, have been sold out in the course of a day. The purchases have been traced to you. As you are a foreigner, we would like to know. . . ." "But what is suspicious about the matter?" I cried. "Previous events," said the official gravely. "You will surely recall the affair of the starving holiday clients in the villa on the Mountain, and the lamentable behaviour of your friend with the Peruvian basket weavers? May I see your passport?"

ANTHONY CARSON

Strictly Personal

We have asked some of our more travelled colleagues to share their private suggestions for holidays.

ASSIAC: The isle of Sylt, with crowded beaches at Westerland, and the more exclusive Kampen, has always been the most popular of German North Sea resorts. It is still much liked by staid German burghers and their families, though they abhor the part of the island reserved for nudism and popularity called "Abyssinia." This is now the favourite resort for German highbrows; if you wish to see some of the more prominent German publishers, to say nothing of some of their authors, as they really are, go to "Abyssinia."

TOM DRIBERG: It is so many years since I had a holiday at all that I am no use on current practical details. But the word "holiday" means, to me, the Mediterranean: Villefranche (before it was spoiled by tourists), where I used to have bedroom No. 1, "M. Cocteau's old room," in the Hotel Welcome, with windows overlooking both harbour and steep back street; or Sicily (Monreale Cathedral and the baroque monsters on the walls of the Villa Palagonia at Bagheria); or the Hotel of the Pythian Apollo at Delphi, where a sign bears the salutary warning: "It is dangerous to ascend Mount Parnassus without a guide."

JOHN FREEMAN: Yugoslavia for my money—and a reasonable sum. The southern Dalmatian coast is nearly as perfect as its repute; but it will be crowded in high summer. So I give you my own favourite—southern Macedonia: mountains, lakes and rushing streams, fertile valleys, picturesque Byzantine monasteries, dour but hospitable people and few tourists; on the other hand, uncertain plumbing, bad roads, few aids to motoring and an occasional flea in the bed. Ohrid, with its exquisitely painted church of St. Sofia, is the end of the road and, for me, a sufficient prize. More information from the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1.

PAUL JOHNSON: Driving down to the Côte d'Azur, spend three days in Haute Provence—the wild, shattered country of Jean Giono's novels. The villages are on the hilltops, as they have been since Saracen times; but poverty is driving the peasants into the towns, and you find deserted villages, whose crumbling twelfth-century houses are inhabited only by dogs. The Haute Provence is a plateau, cut by abysms through which hurl mountain torrents; its people are grim, silent. To plunge from its stricken villages into Grasse, with its perfumed air and exotic inhabitants, is the perfect introduction to the Mediterranean.

NORMAN MACKENZIE: Rucksack recommendations. Corsica: best in early or late summer. Boat or Air France to Ajaccio is best. (There are cheap air rates for genuine campers between France and North Africa.) Go village hopping by spasmodic but sociable buses, especially in the mountains and on the west coast. Hotels moderate in both senses; or you can sleep out. France and Italy: motor-scooters can be hired in most large towns for 10 to 15 shillings a day. You need an international driving licence.

KINGSLEY MARTIN: It is not financially possible to go to the places I've most enjoyed—Mexico, Kyoto, Pekin, or Ispahan—so I plump for the Mediterranean. Greece, as I found the other day after 25 years' absence, is still the loveliest of countries. It now has some excellent American-style hotels where there is no risk of being eaten in bed. Cyprus, again, is one of this earth's most lovely islands. But then I'm forgetting. The British are keeping law and order in Cyprus; and angry crowds have pulled down the Grande Bretagne sign from the best-known Athenian hotel. North Africa, too, is full of law and order. So I plump for England. Especially in Spring, drive west through the Cotswolds to the Welsh Marches—Ludlow, Wenlock, Tintern, Pershore and Tewkesbury.

V. S. PRITCHETT: I prefer holidays in cities that are on the sea. Object: people and shellfish. A strong preference for places with large subtropical flowers and trees very still and heavy at night. The people should be affectable, given to fantasy, untrustworthy and acquiescent. Hence, Rio de Janeiro and Lisbon for their sentimentality; Dublin Bay for large redfaced wedding parties; Naples for brilliant acting to every yard of curb; Barcelona for vainglorious acquaintance.

JOHN RAYMOND: Spain's most dazzling city is Ronda, 4,000 feet up in the Sierra. You get there by a crazy mountain railway, and step out on to the roof of a sun-scorched world. A 1,000-foot chasm divides the city—14th century Moorish on one side, 18th century Spanish on the other; united by a miraculous Mozartian bridge. There is a nice Englishy hotel, cluttered with ladies from Gibraltar drinking tea; the oldest bull-ring in Spain, where both bulls and men have the true Goyaesque angularity; and a number of rather excitable students who try to push you over the bridge if you talk about Spanish politics.

MAURICE RICHARDSON: Eire in August? Dublin during Horse Show Week, though offering much of social, and indeed economic and political significance to field-workers with strong enough constitutions, is unlikely to please the *N.S. & N.* reader. Two other occasions, at roughly or nearly the same time, both unique, both in the south-west of the island, are the Dingle Regatta which I believe includes coracle-racing, and the Puck Fair at Killorglin in County Kerry. This last is the famous three-day bacchanalian orgy, presided over—quite harmlessly—by a goat. The late Dylan Thomas was once sent to report it, but no dispatch ever materialised.

T. C. WORSLEY: I've always loved boats and water: why not take up the new craze, underwater fishing? Friends tell me that the best way to begin is to join the French-run "Club Mediterranée," which now has holiday villages in seven centres in the Mediterranean. The one which attracts me most is on Djerba, an enchanting desert island off the coast of southern Tunisia, where a three-week holiday, including air transport from Paris, costs £48. London headquarters are at 139, Kensington High Street.

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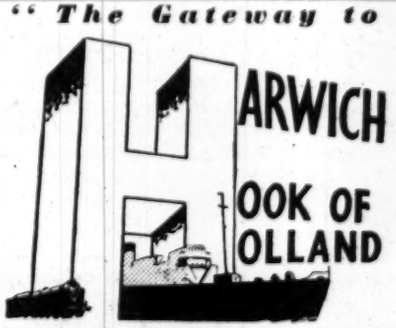

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In a famous pendant to his *Portraits in Miniature* Lytton Strachey characterised the six great historians of England, distributing, like some ironic fairy godmother, to each a retrospective gift. To Hume he gave detachment, to Carlyle vitality, to Macaulay Philistine genius. Froude, he exquisitely hinted, drew his strength (and weakness) from a Protestant father-complex, while the pragmatism of a born diocesan administrator kept Bishop Creighton on an even keel amid the turbulence of Luther and Ximenes. To Gibbon he awarded simply happiness, writing that

> good fortune indeed followed him from the cradle to the grave in the most tactful way possible; occasionally it appeared to fail him; but its absence always turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

If the *Autobiography* itself did not exist, Miss Norton's loving, magistral edition of Gibbon's correspondence* would be ample witness to the truth of Strachey's statement. For here, in some 900 letters, is the record of a life, Augustan, luminous, serene. The fruitful anxieties of youth shade imperceptibly into the tremendous achievement of middle age, and the last seven years of what the writer himself called "an autumnal felicity". "When I contemplate the common lot of mortality," he wrote, "I must acknowledge that I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life".

Everything in his life tended towards an ultimate harmony. Sickliness made him a voracious reader, his mother's neglect roused the lifelong devotion of his Aunt Kitty. True, Gibbon *père* is a teaser; it is hard to fit him into our scheme of compensations. Some day someone must write a grim survey of eighteenth-century fatherhood—the reserved self-pitying Michael Johnson, the autocratic laird of Auchinleck, the egregious Mr. Gibbon. If report be true, he was the original of "Flatus" in Law's *Serious Call* and the description, as far as his relations with his son were concerned, certainly bears out the suggestion:

> Flatus is rich and in health, yet always uneasy, and always searching after happiness. . . . Every new thing so seizes him, that if you were to take him from it, he would think himself quite undone. His sanguine temper and strong passions, promise him so much happiness in everything, that he is always cheated, and is satisfied with nothing.

A contemporary Mr. Toad in fact. A religiously depressive Mr. Toad, as Gibbon discovered when his mother died. Never could he forget

> the scene of our first interview some weeks after the fatal event; the awful silence, the room hung with black, the midday tapers, his sighs and tears. . . .

In his grief Gibbon senior seized upon his son as the "new thing" to distract him in his melancholy. Once again, he found that life had cheated him. Pages of Miss Norton's first volume are filled with the young man's anxious replies to his father's interminable strictures on his character, his morals, his friends, his studies, his spending, his gaming and his religious convictions. Gibbon had brought most of this on his own head as a result of turning Papist at sixteen—a singular piece of good luck, since it delivered him from the fat slumbers of Magdalen and drove him into the arms of the good M. Pavilliard of Lausanne, the beloved teacher who laid the foundations of his learning and gave his mind that French bias that maintains its crystal hardness throughout the seventy-odd chapters of his history. The unchivalrous jilting of Suzanne Curchod is an episode of which all too much has been made. As Mr. G. M. Young long ago summed up: "Gushing, over-mannered and provincial, Suzanne, as her whole life showed, was true at heart. She was a born wife. Unluckily for her, Gibbon was a born bachelor". *"Faudroit-il toujours que vous m'offriez un bonheur auquel la raison m'oblige de renoncer."* In these pages we can watch the wise youth sighing but obeying.

Back to England and the dank, drab, drinky days with the Hampshire Militia. Yet even thirty months of soldierly loafing had their advantages since "my principal obligation to the militia was the making me an Englishman and a soldier . . . the Hampshire grenadier (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." A trip to Italy followed, in the course of which, a year and a half later, Gibbon had his rendezvous with destiny. Clio disguised herself to her greatest votary as the *Descalzi* singing vespers in a Roman temple. From this moment of truth stemmed twenty years' back-breaking work, crowned with success, fame, and the reproaches of Archdeacon Travis and the Vicar of Croydon. (Horace Walpole and the younger Pitt remonstrated genteelly on the touch line.)

His letters chart Gibbon's genial odyssey. At thirty-six he is a man of pleasure, successor to the riotous youth who, night after night, as Strachey put it, had "reeled hallooing down St. James's Street." "Don't you remember," he writes to his friend Holroyd from Boodle's;

> the modest beauty of Mrs. Horneck. Eh bien, alas she is—you ask me with whom; with Scawen of the Guards, both the Storers, Hodges, a Steward of Lady Albemarle's her first love, and half the town besides. A Meeting of Horneck's friends assembled about a Week ago to consult of the best method of acquainting him with his frontal honors. Edmund Burke was named as the Orator, and communicated the transaction in a most Eloquent speech. N.B. The same lady who at public dinners appeared to have the most delicate Appetite, was accustomed in her own Apartment to feast on pork steaks and sausages and to swill Porter till she was dead drunk. . . . O Rare Matrimony!

At Brooks's he plays the political wiseacre, telling William Eden that "People seem pleased with the latest news from India, the French gone back to Mauritius, a treaty with the Nizam and Mahrattas, Heyder desirous of peace and 70 Lack in the Bengal treasury". Meanwhile the Ministry is out and "the black Patriot [Fox?] is now walking and declaiming in this room with a train at his heels". He devils for the Southern Department, petitions Thurlow for a job at the Paris peace conference, goes gout-ridden down to the House swathed in flannels, hobbling on crutches for a critical division, marvels at young Mr. Pitt. ("We cannot refuse to admire a youth of four and twenty," etc.) Like all his countrymen, he is not ashamed to be a placeman. "Although," he begins a letter to Lord North, "you have not been able to insert me in any of your late arrangements. . . ." This is the authentic voice of the late eighteenth century.

In between he butters his French translator —"a man of your attainments will know how to soften that 15th Chapter"—and takes anatomy lectures ("which have opened to me a new and very entertaining scene with myself"). Occasionally he can be crushing enough, admonishing Joseph Priestley, for instance:

> And now, Sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive, wish of the philosophic world: that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements *can* be made.

Such outbursts are rare. Throughout these three volumes, from 13 to 57, he shows himself a staunch friend and a devoted kinsman, going to great lengths to please and comfort old Catherine Porten and his stepmother. "What a solid dignified piece of work with his buffoon face smiling a fat smile of smug raillery", remarked Lord Rosebery, re-reading him some time in the '90s. Gibbon had his clownish moments ("Quelle mauvaise plaisanterie!" was one of them) but at least he was a very feeling buffoon. Boswell kicked his dog out of the travelling carriage and let it limp woundily after him along the Riviera. When Gibbon caught a servant beating a dog he thrashed him.

In 1783, appalled at London prices and resolved to retrench his whole way of life, he took flight to his friend Deyverdun at Lausanne. He went to Switzerland to grow rich on cheap living, much as East India cadets of the period sailed for Bengal to make their fortunes by shaking the pagoda tree. It was here in an acacia walk on a June evening that he took what must have been one of the most satisfying turns in a garden that any man has taken since Adam. His long task was finished at last and he knew it was well done. He had formed and mirrored those fifteen centuries in his own luminous mind. He had become, like Tennyson's Ulysses, a part of all that he had met in the course of his reading and experience. Tartars, Isaurians, Goths, Nicean fathers and African virgins, Antonines and Seljuks, Norman and Saracen, he had stamped them all in his image, even going so far as to allow the Suzanne Curchod of his youth, with her large eyes, fair complexion, slender person and graceful demeanour, her "understanding improved by study" and "virtue tried by distress", to sit for his portrait of the Empress Athenais Eudoxia. The solipsism of genius could go no farther. Of all the historians in history Gibbon has most right to boast, like Wittgenstein in his *Tractatus*, "I am my world".

JOHN RAYMOND

* *The Letters of Edward Gibbon.* Edited by J. E. NORTON. *Cassell.* 3 *Vols.* 168*s.*

Old Woman

So much she caused she cannot now account for
As she stands watching day return, the cool
Walls of the house moving towards the sun.
She puts some flowers in a vase and thinks
"There is not much I can arrange
In here and now but flowers are suppliant

As children never were. And love is now
A flicker of memory, my body is
My own entirely. When I lie at night
I gather nothing now into my arms,
No child or man, and where I live
Is what remains when men and children go."

Yet she owns more than residue of lives
That she has marked and altered. See how she
Warns time from too much touching her possessions
By keeping flowers fed, by polishing
Her fine old silver. Gratefully
She sees her own glance printed on grandchildren.

Drawing the curtains back and opening windows
Every morning now, she feels her years
Grow less and less. Time puts no burden on
Her now she does not need to measure it.
It is acceptance she arranges
And her own life she places in the vase.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

A Target for Prejudice

Roger Casement. By RENÉ MACCOLL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

"History will perhaps do justice." So wrote Roger Casement from Germany in 1915 to his old friend, E. D. Morel, in England, in the pathetic hope that his own ineffectual activity and muddled thinking would be straightened out by some strange historical perspective into glorious significance for England, for Ireland and for the whole world. A year later Casement's career had ended ignominiously on the scaffold; and the Easter Rising had been quelled in a smother of blood. Another five years, and the Treaty creating the Irish Free State proved that Casement had not died in vain. Martyrdom is a gamble, but occasionally it pays a rich dividend. To Casement as an individual, however, history has not yet done justice: he has been too prickly a subject for sober historians to tackle and too easy a target for prejudice and partisanship. The forty years that have elapsed since his death have not been long enough for nationalist passions to cool. Mr. MacColl is a brave man to be the first to attempt an impartial and dispassionate biography of this complex and provocative idealist. He has been impelled by his reporter's training to ferret out the truth at all costs and damn the consequences—and some of the consequences will be thought exceedingly damnable by many who read his candid book. The correspondence columns of the NEW STATESMAN four months ago showed that the controversy over Casement's alleged homosexuality is as embittered as ever. "I grind no axe," says Mr. MacColl, in order to placate the suspicious public. To his abounding credit, no more he does. But the whirr of the grindstone will soon be heard elsewhere; and the English and Irish hatchet men will be after him before he can say "Knife." Unfortunately, to complete Mr. MacColl's case there is still one piece missing: the authenticity of Casement's Black Diaries can be surmised but has yet to be determined. We can only hope that the commotion this book must arouse will be such as to blast open the doors of the Home Office or wherever the incriminating documents lie entombed.

Casement was an extremely, some would say excessively, high-minded Ulsterman who dedicated his life to exposing wickedness and fighting oppression. As long as he was championing Negroes and Indians, and castigating a lot of foreigners, Belgians and Peruvians, his services were most gratifying to the British Government who employed him on the Consular staff. His eye-witness reports of atrocities on the Congo and up the Amazon won him international renown, and he was duly rewarded with a C.M.G. and a knighthood. (Mr. MacColl gives an excellent detailed account of the grisly investigation into the Putumayo brutalities.) But when Casement turned his attention to underdogs nearer home and became obsessed with Ireland's wrongs, there was no further cause for rejoicing; and his official superiors turned him adrift with a pension. It is sometimes forgotten, in the loathing that his subsequent conduct inspired, that, until the outbreak of the 1914 war, he was nothing worse than an ardent Irish separatist. But in his visionary way Casement had convinced himself that England's wars were Ireland's heaven-sent opportunity; and in September 1914, while in the U.S.A., he crossed his Rubicon and discarded all allegiance to Britain. After a surreptitious voyage to Norway and thence on to Germany, he propounded the grandiose idea of an Irish Army to be recruited from Irish prisoners-of-war, equipped with German arms to fight for Ireland, and signed a treaty with the Germans to that effect, as if he already held sovereign power on behalf of Ireland. That was the summit of his vainglorious dream: the aftermath proved to be a succession of fiascos, only redeemed by the dignity of his last defiant speech from the dock, when facing his judges.

It is a pity that Mr. MacColl has been unable to convey in his book the full tragic futility of Casement's long stay in Germany. The brisk journalistic manner has not time for thoughtful analysis, nor even for close scrutiny of the voluminous material from which he quotes so freely. Moreover, his slapdash method of reference is hard to check, his index is unhelpful, and there are many documents available on microfilm in the National Library at Dublin of which he makes no use at all. I have only space in this review to give one glaring example of the author's failure to draw proper conclusions from the known facts. The statements of Christensen, the young Norwegian who attached himself to Casement in some dubious capacity, seem to be as uncritically accepted by Mr. MacColl as they were by Casement himself. Yet Christensen, there is every reason to believe, was a British stooge all the time, and spying on Casement for the British Minister in Norway.

A paper sent to his solicitor during his trial (unmentioned by Mr. MacColl) reveals the fantastic self-delusion Casement had wrapped round himself during his exile in Germany.

> If I had been thirty-three instead of forty-three, the arms would have been landed, the code would not have been found, and I should have freed Ireland, or died fighting at the head of my men.

Actually he was fifty-one and not forty-three; the 20,000 rifles sent from Germany to help the Easter Rising were at the bottom of the sea because the British Admiralty knew all about them; the code was utterly worthless; and when Casement landed in Tralee Bay on Good Friday, 1916, to free Ireland at the head of his men, it was in a collapsible canvas boat with three revolvers, two wretched companions and an Irish flag six foot square—the most pitiable international invasion since Louis Napoleon went ashore at Boulogne with his moulting eagle. The genuine Easter Rising had been plotted by men who had long written off Casement as a broken reed.

On the question of Casement's homosexuality Mr. MacColl summarises the available evidence most judicially and reaches the only logical conclusion—that the Black Diaries are genuine, that Casement practised homosexuality (and was proud of it), and that he was by implication hanged for doing so as much as for his so-called treachery. Even allowing for the exacerbation of ignoble feelings in war, our Government's behaviour was blackguardly, to use Serjeant Sullivan's old-fashioned language. Yet there remains a scintilla of doubt whether the diaries were faked, in which case Admiral Hall and Basil Thomson must have been fiends incarnate, F. E. Smith an utter fool, and we as a nation

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JONATHAN CAPE

stand doubly dishonoured in Irish eyes. The Home Office should clear our national conscience in the only way possible—by producing the diaries for expert examination. At other times this Government department was not so coy. Either the diaries themselves or photostats or typescripts were perused by Alfred Noyes, Walter Page, Ben Allen of the Associated Press, Michael Collins, Canon Hensley Henson, President Wilson, King George V, and the Pope. Yet on December 8, 1955, the Home Secretary said in reply to a question in the House of Commons: "It has been the consistent policy of my predecessors not to make any statement as to the existence or non-existence of any diaries and I regret that I cannot give the Hon. Member any information on this point." This dumb attitude may be consistent with politician's prudery but is quite inconsistent with public decency.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Peel Those Medlars

Shade those Laurels. An Excerpt from a Novel. By CYRIL CONNOLLY. *Encounter*. Vol. VI, No. 3. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Connolly is a public benefactor. He has prevented more books being written than anyone else alive. Apart from Byron, who wrote rather too much, and Oscar Wilde, who wrote more than one realises, it is unlikely that any literary figure has been so widely discussed by his contemporaries as Mr. Connolly. Is it fear he inspires? Envy? Awe? None of us knows, or if he knows admits which. Verbal wit, a sensuous disposition that could be styled languid if it were less prickly, a mind eclectically furnished and untidy, a day nursery made to accommodate the dead . . .

His great quality is an appreciation of the living world—animal, vegetable, mineral—which somehow is flawed by a proprietariness. This is *my* melon, those are *my* ferrets; you enjoy a lobster and nectarines, but not as much as *I* do. The pleasure is spoiled. The daffodil that comes before the swallow dares is too greedily transplanted. March is turned into an Indian Summer. In the Second Empire men were seized by a self-destructive impulse to waste their substance on the *demi-monde*. Far be it from any of us to suggest that Mr. Connolly and Cora Pearl have much in common, but is it not true that he rules in a social and literary half-world, where the books are decanted and the bottles read? How can one respect a critic who puts Horace, Gray and Rimbaud together, an æsthetic conjugation as eccentric as that of a peach, a soft-boiled egg and a Mills bomb?

Obviously one cannot be awed or envious of such intellectual confusion. Are one's feelings then of fear towards a social phenomenon? And what sort of a world can it be that is concerned with such a contribution? The phenomenon is very English, yet paradoxically provided as a rule by Irishmen. Not such a zany as Goldsmith, as gaily self-destructive as Sheridan, as assiduously provoking as Shaw, Mr. Connolly is the product of Eton, Balliol, Desmond MacCarthy, and Logan Pearsall Smith. Petronius is a ghostly god-father. Now none of this is unwholesome, but is has nothing whatsoever to do with literature. Of what is *Shade those Laurels* a parody? A highbrow country-house thriller—or of Mr. Connolly himself? At any rate an embarrassing piece of literary exhibitionism. Humanism degenerates into flabby eclecticism.

But it is ourselves we criticise. It is not Mr. Connolly's fault but that of our degenerate and dreary middle-class society that a man of near genius who might have communicated so much necessary and such potent pleasure should have turned himself into a sad figure murmuring meaningless words—Tibullus, Ausonius, Château Yquem and all the wretched rest of it.

JOHN DAVENPORT

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The Duce's Fifth Act

Mussolini: Twilight and Fall. By ROMAN DOMBROWSKI. *Heinemann*. 21*s*.

Compared with Hitler, the single-minded man of evil, Mussolini was a hesitant, nervous, and ultimately pathetic ruffian. Even his boasting lacked the authentic megalomaniac ring: it was the whimpering bravado of a juvenile delinquent. "He seemed like a lion," his wife wrote. "In reality he was poor human." But as a tragic hero, in the Shakespearian sense, he was a more rounded figure than Hitler because his character had the added dimension of remorse. Remorse, superstition, fear: these are the alternating currents of thought which dominated the last two years of his life. Shortly before the war, a stranger had stepped out of the Roman crowd and whispered to him: "Death after victory over France. Death at the hands of three soldiers." The fall of France confirmed the first part of the prophecy, and after the meeting of the Fascist Grand Council in July, 1943, which effectively began his downfall, Mussolini was tortured by the fear that the second half would come true also. It did. There were still the intervals of elation and brutality—his intermittent belief in Hitler's "invincible secret weapons," the Verona Trial, where he had five of his old lieutenants murdered—but in between came longer and longer periods of despair. The dictator began to live increasingly in the past. Throughout the lifetime of the Salo Republic, which he set up under Hitler's protection after Badoglio surrendered to the Allies, Mussolini was obsessed with the murder of the Socialist Matteotti, which had occurred in 1924.

But he still continued to kill; and to repent only afterwards. There was the curious incident which followed the execution of Ciano, his son-in-law. A week later, the prison chaplain, Don Chiot, was summoned to the dictator's presence. He found Mussolini sick, ageing, tortured by stomach ulcers, conscience-stricken at Ciano's death. How, he wanted to know, had Ciano died? How had he spent his last hours? As the priest told him, tears came into his eyes; he tried to kiss Don Chiot's hand—but it was withdrawn. Finally, he whispered: "Pray for Ciano and for me." A few days later he was found studying Plato, which Don Chiot had told him Ciano had read in his last hours.

This is the very stuff of Shakespeare; and Mussolini is, in some ways, an incomplete Macbeth, with even, on occasion, the feeling for poetic image. He wrote on the afternoon of the fatal Grand Council meeting: "The features of Rome seemed to turn pale. Cities also have their features. . . . Rome felt that important events were pending." There was, however, neither poetry nor nobility in Mussolini's death. It had all the sordidness and savagery of the mid-twentieth century. The "three soldiers" turned out to be Communist partisans, led by "Colonel Valerio," a frightening sadist who was determined to kill Mussolini before he could be brought to trial. They arrived at the villa where the dictator was imprisoned and found Mussolini in bed with his mistress, Clara Petacci, reading Dostoevsky. Valerio said: "I have come to release you," and watched Mussolini's face brighten. Then he took him to a quiet lane a few miles away and put him up against a wall, carrying out the execution personally, but bungling the job. First his rifle refused to work and he threw it away. Next he tried to use a pistol, which also misfired. He was about to batter Mussolini to death with a rifle-butt when the third soldier handed him a sub-machine gun which, mercifully, was in working order. When Mussolini collapsed, Clara leant over his body and Valerio shot her also, in a sudden burst of blind rage, though he had originally meant to spare her.

Even more brutal scenes took place when Mussolini's lieutenants were executed. The firing squad was ill-trained. Some of the Fascists survived the first volley and struggled to their knees. One stumbled into a nearby lake and was

drowned. A hysterical woman in the crowd screamed out: "They're escaping." Not only the executioners, but dozens of partisans who were also present began to blaze away in all directions, and in the confusion a member of the firing squad was shot. Afterwards, the bodies were hung upside down in Milan. An eye-witness wrote: "They were slashed and gashed until they were almost unrecognisable, and were smothered with spittle and mud. . . . They kicked the corpse (of Mussolini) again and again, sending it swinging like a monstrous pendulum. And the crowd laughed. . . ."

The squalid story of Mussolini's last days has now been chronicled by a Polish journalist, Roman Dombrowski. His book, inevitably, conveys some of their excitement and horror; but in other respects it is largely worthless. The author is clearly biased: he detests the Communists, whom he identifies with the brutality of the executions, and accuses of stealing Mussolini's treasure; he is fanatically pro-Catholic; and his hero is Ciano, whose instinctive dislike of the Germans he elevates into a major virtue. More importantly, Dombrowski lacks any sort of historical training and his assessment of the evidence is unsystematic and confusing. On all major points, the various first-hand accounts of Mussolini's last months are glaringly inconsistent; the task of collating them, of separating the true from the untrue, is even more difficult than that which confronted Mr. Trevor-Roper in his *Last Days of Hitler*; and it is quite beyond Dombrowski's powers. But it is evident, even from this superficial sketch, that whoever finally makes the investigation will find he has a story worth telling.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

The Flight from the Enchanter. By IRIS MURDOCH. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

A Legacy. By SYBILLE BEDFORD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Manikin. By RALPH RICKETTS. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Ambush. By JEAN HOUGRON. *Hurst & Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Murdoch has arrived at that painful Becher's Brook which all writers have to surmount: the second novel. She scrambles over somehow, leaving us splashed and rather cross. *The Flight from the Enchanter* is a maddening book, a real piece of reviewer's bane, that makes you torture yourself in the effort to be fair. Miss Murdoch is talented and clever but I think she is suffering from metaphysical affectations and I suspect she has been studying modern European influences and attitudes which do not travel across the Channel. I am quite sure she has been straining her powers of invention. The Enchanter, from whom various rather wan characters are supposed to be fleeing in a lackadaisical symbolical sort of way, is one Mischa Fox: rich, middle-aged, famous for nothing in particular, he might just as well be a cardboard box. There is a very intense woman named Rosa who has an affair with two Polish brothers, factory workers in light industry. Her brother is blackmailed by a literary gent who takes pornographic photographs of Rosa and the Poles and tries to get control over a moribund review, *Artemis*, for his master; but an aged maniacal feminist leader, who might almost have stepped out of the mind of Miss Nancy Spain, comes to the rescue. The mood varies from slapstick to tragedy. There is a very complicated party scene in Fox's house which ends in some senseless acts of violence and goldfish all over the floor. There is also a civil servant of sorts named Rainborough who works for S.E.L.I.B., the Special European Labour Immigration Board, and has a desperately unpleasurable love-affair with his secretary. There are some vivid flashes among the spiritual debris. Miss Murdoch is better with her female characters, and a young girl, Annette, assuredly comes to life; but the prevailing impression is one of wilful disintegration.

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High life in the Kaiser's Germany during the early nineteen-hundreds seems now curiously remote and disconnected, one of those isolated pockets in history's skirts. In *A Legacy* Sybille Bedford, who has a sharp flair for trapping sociological nuances, gives you a lively and amusing picture of it. Her book is a family chronicle which resolves itself into the events leading up to the marriage, his second, of Baron Julius Felden, son of a family of perhaps rather unusually civilised and cultivated landowners, and Caroline, one of those tempestuous and independent spirited Englishwomen of whom the late nineteenth century produced a limited number. The scene shifts across Europe from Prussia to Spain. Characters include sensitive Jewish bankers and Prussian martinets sinister in their fetishistic insistence on discipline. The writing varies from bright period dialogue:

> "We are lunching at Kitty Wolfe's," said Edu. "She's specially asked you."
> "That's quite impossible," said Melanie.
> "You can't let old Kitty down. She likes to be exactly thirty-six."

—to historical diagnostics like this from a key-passage describing Berlin, the capital of the new boom-country:

> . . . To that nucleus of Prussia, to that poor flat country of marshes and poor sandy soil and the city set among parade grounds and sparse pines, to that border province of garrisons and unwieldy estates worked by Slav day-labourers and Huguenot artisans and ruled by the descendants of Teutonic Knights, Bismarck's successful wars and the foundation of the Empire brought at once a tide of big money, big enterprise, big ideas, which blurred demarcations between castes, swelled military and domestic discipline into Wagnerian displays and atrophied the older traditions of economy, frugality and probity. . . .

The chief weakness of the book is its sprawling construction. There is a plot, and quite a tight one, to do with the Merz legacy, but the fleeting appearances of Caroline's daughter, as the narrator, in and out among long scenes that happened before she was born, is apt to be confusing. Never mind; the author's vitality never falters.

The Manikin is an interesting Stendhalian exercise, straightforwardly biographical in form, about Eugene Merrall, a fatherless young man brought up between the wars under the oppressive shadow of his uncle, Canon Merrall. He becomes private secretary to an elderly politician-peer, and makes love to his daughter Veronica; then he takes to painting portraits. His pathological egotism grows like a poisonous mushroom cloud, and destroys everybody in range, his mother and his wife, Anna —the nice girl from his home sea-side town whom he taught to paint and of whose manslaughter he is acquitted after a rather odd violent incident right at the end of the book. His unrelieved nastiness becomes rather depressing after a time and you begin to wish for a dash of romantic panache, but Mr. Ricketts writes nice and clearly.

M. Hougron's master is Simenon. *Ambush* is an adventure story and an immensely superior one. Legorn, a French farmer in Indo-China, fights back against very heavy odds to defeat the machinations of a murderous German interloper, and Khoung, a half-caste bailiff. The final showdown in a hotel in Saigon is most satisfying. The atmosphere is entirely realistic; the uneasy tropical background is described in meticulous detail.

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What is a Prime Minister?

The Office of Prime Minister. By BYRUM E. CARTER. *Faber.* 30*s.*

American writing on politics falls into two distinct categories. The first is analytical and speculative, daring and effervescent, influenced by a heady mixture of sociology and journalism. The second is descriptive and derivative, cautious and pedestrian, influenced by professors of political science in universities. Mr. Byrum Carter's well-intentioned study of Britain's "key political institution" falls within the second category. It has been written largely from other people's biographies, and its sumptuous footnotes, which bolster every remark, have been checked by the proper academic authorities. The result is a scissors-and-paste book, which adds nothing to our knowledge of the Prime Minister's office. Surely political science is by now a mature enough study to dispense with scissors and paste: certainly penetrating American writers, like Key or Herring, would never have given their blessing to a book of this kind.

Mr. Carter claims that the reason why he has written this book is the lack of an English book "specifically upon the office of the Prime Minister in all of its ramifications, institutional, and extra-institutional." There are many deficiencies in home-made political studies, but this is hardly an outstanding one. Professors Laski, Jennings and Keith have said everything between them, which Mr. Carter says here, and a great deal more besides. The one gap in their work—a study of the "extra-institutional" aspects of the Prime Minister's position—is not filled by Mr. Carter, who, as an outsider, is inadequately equipped to examine the Potteresque elements of "Prime-ministership." It requires a good newspaper reporter to describe Sir Anthony Eden's visit to the women Conservatives of Leamington or a day excursion by Ramsay MacDonald to Seaham Harbour. The reason why we have no books specifically devoted to the Prime Minister is two-fold. The time has not yet come when we can write a definitive history of the office, and if we are interested in the present rather than in the past, we can gain little by artificially removing the Prime Minister from his political background. We can only understand the Prime Minister if we understand a lot of other things as well.

In his account of the history of the office, Mr. Carter is naive and in places misleading. He is naive when he gives a list of a few major wars which Britain has fought since the beginning of the eighteenth century, and adds that "it is obvious that such events inevitably impinge upon the characteristics of important political office." He is misleading about George II, George III ("who aimed at the restoration of the royal prerogative to his own hands") and William Pitt; and when he turns to the age of Peel, he shows as little confidence in his handling of the half-reformed constitution of a hundred years before. Earl Attlee, a shadowy figure, rounds off the book, and Mr. Carter comments genially in words that might have been used by the noble Earl himself, "it is not certain that all future Prime Ministers will be pleased with the arrangements made by Attlee." A gloss or two on this comment by one of Sir Winston's Overlords would soon bring the problem of the Prime Minister to life.

In so far as Mr. Carter has a thesis, it is open to much further discussion. He maintains that "a changing world has brought greater responsibilities and obligations to the individual who holds the office of Prime Minister" and "that all of the later Prime Ministers have been forced to accept greater responsibilities than many of their nineteenth- and early twentieth-century counterparts." This is strictly true in one sense only, that we place greater burdens on government as a whole in the twentieth century than our ancestors did a hundred years ago. In every other sense it is untrue. We need only compare Sir Robert Peel and Stanley Baldwin, or even Lord Palmerston and Sir Winston. Lord Rosebery's essay on Peel is still the best brief account of the tasks of a Prime Minister. "What is a Prime Minister?" he asked in the middle of it, and replied, "That is a question which it would require a pamphlet to answer". The fact that Mr. Carter has found it necessary in the middle of the twentieth century to write a book and not a pamphlet is no sign that we grow wiser with the passing of time.

ASA BRIGGS

Matter and Form

Selected Poems. By RANDALL JARRELL. *Faber.* 15*s.*

In the Fire. By THOMAS BLACKBURN. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The River Steamer and Other Poems. By E. J. SCOVELL. *Cresset.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Scale of Things. By PATRIC DICKINSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Randall Jarrell (like some writers in this country about ten years younger than himself) has the qualities and defects of the good all-rounder. He is a very good critic of contemporary poetry, but a lightweight compared, say, to Mr. R. P. Blackmur. He is a good comic novelist, but I found *Pictures from an Institution* a little laboured when set against the novel that is supposed to have sparked it off, Mary McCarthy's *Groves of Academe.* He started off as a documentary war poet, of a type for which a near British equivalent might be, for instance, Mr. Hamish Henderson; but, unlike Mr. Henderson, he has gone on, since 1945, covering the peace-time scene in the same vivid, scrappy, and morally concerned way as he covered the war. He lights up all sorts of aspects of American life; a reader usually indifferent to poetry might be held by the "story" interest of many of his poems. Yet, in the end, one is not wholly satisfied. The poems are in one sense well-written, graphic and energetic, good words in a good order. But it is not only that they are not, but that they do not seem very often consciously to aim at being, "the best words in the best order." It is strange, in a long and very readable volume, how few of the rhythms hold one for their own sake, how few lines or phrases stick in one's head. Let me quote, for instance, the last two lines, the pay-off lines, of a poem penetrating in its conception, called *Prisoners*:

> The prisoners, the guard, the soldiers—they are all, in their way, being trained.
> From these moments, repeated forever, our own new world will be made.

The rhythms are tired and flaccid. The almost rhyme of "trained" and "made"—it would

sound like an exact rhyme, if one had a bad cold in the nose—is ugly and jarring. The lines should convey some specific mood (irony, resignation, despair, anger, exhaustion). To me, they convey only a jaded perfunctoriness.

Mr. Blackburn has, or at least he expresses in his poems, none of Mr. Jarrell's admirably humane instincts or liberal sentiments. He is a self-centredly and sometimes morbidly romantic poet. But to me he *is* a poet, in a sense in which Mr. Jarrell, usually, is not. He cares about handling. The anapaest, for instance, is a foot which one associates with the corniest and most thumping effects of Byron, Moore, and Macaulay. It seemed dead as the dodo. But here it is, ingeniously revived:

> To the place where of late lay her numinous darlings,
> As grey as the evening, she hugged a wet stone,
> And railed at, knee deep in the river of weeping,
> The waters where all her tall children had gone.

This is the most technically skilful volume by a young poet I have read for some time, yet, for all that, Mr. Blackburn has not yet quite found his own voice. The dominant influence in these poems is Yeats:

> The passion that it ravels out
> In moments sharp and small,
> Though brief and bitter on each tongue
> Is yet impersonal . . .

Yet this is not pastiche, in a derogatory sense. It is rather that by feeling himself into the Yeatsian mood—or into aspects of it, for Yeats had what a lady recently described to me as a "crosswise hugeness"—Mr. Blackburn has uncannily caught some of the intensities of the Yeatsian tone. But one does wait eagerly for him to forge his own purely personal style.

Like most women poets, Miss Scovell is technically uneven. *The River Steamer* contains selections from her earlier poems and some new work. It ought to make her widely known. Her work is always remarkable for its purity of spirit and at its best startling for its exactness of perception. Here are some images: ". . . the transparent tissue of the sycamore Yellowed in the clammy autumn air"; the child's "fair face bird's-egg-freckled, brooded warm by sun"; three tender lines about another child,

> His eyes
> Were shut, and other gates likewise
> That give on the world, though his nape knew where best,
> Rumpling my sleeve, to come to rest . . .

Not caught at first by any drama, one finds oneself going back to these poems for their precisions of innocence.

I have little space, now, to do anything with Mr. Dickinson's volume but recommend it heartily. He is a poet of impeccably individual honesty who tends to be overlooked by reviewers because his work supports no glib generalisations about "trends." Every poem in his new book is deeply felt and thought and shaped with honourable care. No mood, from tenderness to spleen to melancholy, shows the least sign of being faked.

G. S. FRASER

Bad Soldier Schweik

Gunner Asch Goes to War. By HANS HELLMUT KIRST. Translated by ROBERT KEE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

We now know almost too well what the German generals thought about the war; but about the attitude of the junior officers and other ranks of the German Army we have learned surprisingly little. Did war literature in Germany follow the same trend as it did here, where the autobiographies of sensitive servicemen virtually swamped creative literature? There is, in fact, a dearth of material which alone would make the trilogy *Zero Eight Fifteen*, of which this is the second volume, interesting. So would the huge success it has enjoyed in Germany, which has been quoted as evidence of the depth of the German reaction against militarism, against the old evils of *Barras* and *Kadaverge-*

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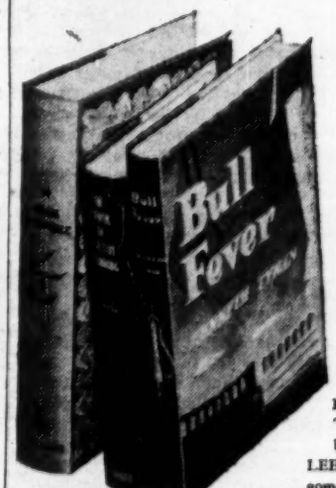

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horsæmkeit. The faithful and rather tedious film of the book has drawn enormous audiences; all of which suggests that the Germans recognise the picture which the work gives of the war and approve of the attitude it expresses towards it. The Gunner Asch saga should therefore interest those who are worrying about German militarism; but it is also entertaining enough for anyone who simply wants a pleasantly picaresque diversion in the tradition of the Good Soldier Schweik.

The action of the book alternates between a sector of the Russian front in late winter of 1941-2, and a base depot somewhere in Germany. Gunner Asch and his companions, whom we met in the first volume training at home, have now gone to war; but it is a war which has been paralysed by cold, by snow, and by mutual, unofficial agreement. The characters move like Breughel peasants against a bleak winter landscape: unshaven, filthy, swaddled in greatcoats and sacking, their minds set only on self-preservation, food, and, where possible, women. For them the enemy is not the Russians, as miserable as themselves, but the staff behind them which is liable at any moment to start off some absurd and suicidal operation; and such plot as there is stems from the attempt of an inexperienced, ambitious and blustering troop-commander to establish parade-ground discipline and force his reluctant men to fire their guns; bringing of course ultimate disaster to his troop and disgrace to himself. This man is at once the butt and the villain; and in so far as the book attacks anything, it attacks this type of ambition and stupidity. There is no Erich Maria Remarque condemnation of war as such: the war is accepted as an absurd but unavoidable evil, as soldiers usually accept it. There is no attack on Nazism as such: the few men indicated as trusting Hitler are divided into slimy careerists and idealistic, courageous boobies. We are simply given a worm's eye view, and the worm reserves its hatred for the petty tyrants who can make life intolerable for him or bring it unnecessarily to an end. The story-book hero, the brave, modest and obedient Corporal Vierbein, is treated (as his name suggests) with saddened, slightly contemptuous admiration. "It was as if he were permanently on the alert" the author describes him, "for fear of missing some order which might apply to him." If his virtues resulted in his persecution by one petty tyrant and his death obeying the orders of another, that was nobody's fault but his own. It is a world in which a sensible man looks after Number One.

The Germans, it is continually said, are a military nation; but in saying it one sometimes forgets the characteristics of the real professional soldier: keeping the eye down, keeping the mouth shut, volunteering for nothing: a defensive hide against the bullying N.C.O. which only drives him to further frustrated ecstasies of bullying. The German army was no place for the naive or for the idealist, whether Nazi or democrat. In Herr Kirst's picture the German soldier accepted the world as he found it, nightmarish as it often was, and made himself as comfortable as he could. If there were unpleasant things to be seen, it was wise not to think about them overmuch. We are given one vile little glimpse: the execution of two men after they had dug their own grave, watched by the shrewdest old soldier of the lot, Lance-Corporal Kowalski.

> "I always get my men to aim into the back of the head," said the field security captain. "One shot is usually enough."
>
> One shot was enough. It tore the whole back of the head away. Brains spurted out on to the ground and some watery-looking blood flowed from the wound. The two men collapsed and slipped into the grave.
>
> "All right, shovel them over," said the field security captain.
>
> Lance-Corporal Kowalski spat and turned on his heel.

The last phrase sums up the guilt of the German soldier—or his innocence.

MICHAEL HOWARD

The Gondal Dream

Gondal's Queen. A Novel in Verse by EMILY JANE BRONTË. Arranged by FANNIE E. RATCHFORD. *Nelson.* 18*s.*

Miss Fannie Ratchford of Texas University has been heroically engaged in Brontë research for the past twenty-five years. She it was who deciphered and transcribed all the microscopic juvenilia, thus making the Brontë children's literary fantasies accessible to the general reader. Students owe her much, for Miss Ratchford's work, which no one else had the fortitude to undertake, has cast a searching light into some dark corners. The general reader, however, remains unmoved, for the secret chronicles of Angria make stodgy reading, and nobody would read them through who was not hunting for crumbs of evidence to support or refute a theory.

Only Charlotte's and Branwell's Angrian chronicles have survived. Emily's and Anne's parallel obsession, the kingdoms of Gondal and Gaaldine, remains a mystery, for its prose histories have never come to light. More and more of Emily's poetry, however, has been recognised as belonging to this imaginary play world, and the puzzle of reconstructing the Gondal saga from her verse is one that has appealed to quite a number of people. May Sinclair contrived one version, Laura Hinkley, Madeleine Hope Dodds and Philip Henderson have published others, and Miss Ratchford herself supplied an early version of her own theory in C. W. Hatfield's final edition of Emily Brontë's poems in 1941. Since then Miss Ratchford has applied herself to the problem for a further fifteen years, and has now arranged something less than half of Emily's poetry as a "novel in verse", the poems and fragments being linked together by explanations and notes.

Does this rearrangement of the jigsaw reveal any new or unsuspected pattern? Miss Ratchford believes it does. She believes that not only a part, but the whole of Emily Brontë's surviving verse belongs to the Gondal game, that none of it is subjective in the sense of being the poetic expression of Emily's own experience. This is an important conclusion, and Miss Ratchford may well be right. If she is, then Emily Brontë has the laugh on all the romantic theorists, and they have been many, who have found evidence in the poems of a tragic love ("Cold in the earth —and the deep snow piled above thee!"), of mystical experience ("Then dawns the Invisible, the Unseen its truth reveals"), of stoic philosophy ("Riches I hold in light esteem"), and profound religious faith ("No coward soul is mine"). On the other hand, it is equally possible that the poems may be like those nests of Chinese boxes which used to be given to children: the outer box may look subjective enough, and the one inside it prove to be Gondal in origin, and the third turn out to be subjective after all, under a Gondal covering, and so on. Nothing is finally proved, though the probability is strengthened that the whole of Emily Brontë's emotional experience belonged to the daydream world, and had nothing to do with "actual" experience. She remains securely hidden, as she always intended to be.

Miss Ratchford has had to stretch some very resistant points to make her saga cohere, and the poems, it must be admitted, suffer severely from being presented as a "novel in verse." Emily Brontë is a remarkably uneven poet; the handful of matchless lyrics on which her fame rests are best seen by themselves, not embedded in the tedious deposit of pedestrian verse with which she amused her leisure. Miss Ratchford, however, having "spent uncounted hours in concentrated effort to think Emily's thoughts and feel Emily's emotions after her", naturally wishes to see some noble fruit as the result of all this effort, and has convinced herself that the entire corpus of Emily's verse, seen as a Gondal story, is "a whole which in grandeur of conception and unity of meaning transcends the sublimest single

poem". This, I am afraid, is simply wishful thinking. The peaks of Emily Brontë's poetry stand out from a plain of rubbish, and she is not well served by having her day-to-day games with Anne presented as though they were the summit of great literature. Gondal and Gaaldine, to be frank, are a dead bore, and the feeling with which one closes *Gondal's Queen* is one of grief that the genius which produced *Wuthering Heights* and a few comparable lyrics should have wasted itself over the years with the lotus of daydream.

Miss Ratchford's loving labours have been so exhaustive that there is nothing further, I imagine, to be done in this field, and the subject can now sink into repose.

"How gloomy grows the night! 'Tis Gondal's wind that blows:
I shall not tread again the deep glens where it rose."

At least I hope not.

MARGARET LANE

Sherpa Country

Visit to the Sherpas. By JENNIFER BOURDILLON. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Nowadays, Himalayan exploration is nothing out of the ordinary; neither, alas, are the books written about it. The most recent crop of expeditions has produced no writer approaching the class of Eric Shipton or Tom Longstaff with their interest in every aspect of the country they travel through. Eyes fixed on the summit, heads full of calculations about porters' loads and oxygen flow, our tough and competent climbers appear to have little time for the pleasures and sensations of just being alive in some of the most beautiful places in the world.

Mrs. Bourdillon does not present herself as tough or competent, nor was she a regular member of an expedition. She simply wanted to visit the Sherpas and their country, of which she had heard from her husband, on his return from the Everest reconnaissance of 1951. So next year, when he was bound for Cho Oyu, she travelled with him to Namche Bazar, then went her own way. With only one Sherpa for company (a sulky and unreliable character—her affection for Sherpas is quite realistic) she made a couple of very enterprising journeys, one to a supposedly bandit-ridden district to the South, one to the Cho Oyu glacier. Not for her the masculine uniform of the regular female explorer—shorts, trousers, climbing boots. Wearing sandals and a skirt, carrying no tent, she reached places that not only no woman, but no foreigner had visited before, and slept with equanimity where she found herself—on the floor of a chapel, in the middle of a pile of Sherpas, or in a four-poster bed in an enchanted village of rich Tibetan traders.

Meeting the Sherpas involved a good deal of physical discomfort—living without privacy, sitting on bare boards or in the road, drinking the local brew of *chang* for sociability. What made it all immensely worth while was the atmosphere of "laughter and equality" among these caste-free people. But it takes two parties to be equal; and it was surely Mrs. Bourdillon's willingness to be pinched and poked, laughed at and slapped on the back, to be very much not the *memsahib* that won her the right to enter so freely into Sherpa life. Often, in the weeks she was separated from the expedition, she was devastatingly lonely: but from the point of view of understanding a strange people, her solitude surely turned out (as Freya Stark's so often did) to be her trump card.

She was as individual in her reactions as in her dress. To test the effect of altitude on the mind she composed, on the Cho Oyu glacier, a letter to her husband in Latin: "This may not have been in Cicero's finest style but it was accurate and down at Namche it read quite well." On the return march to Katmandu she was very ill indeed, but preserved enough detachment to note, when a doubtful character menaced her as she lagged behind, how false her fever-born

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wish to die had been: "When I was confronted with a stranger and a *kukri* I found that I preferred to live . . . There was no more thought of stopping or expiring, and when I felt that I had come to the end of my strength I knew that a good, solid fright would prove that there was something in reserve."

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JANET ADAM SMITH

Land, Water, and Food. By H. ADDISON. *Chapman & Hall.* 18*s*.

Water control is already a vital factor in farming in many parts of the world and there are many more that would be improved by it. Sometimes there is too much water and sometimes too little. The solution to each problem is essentially the same: dam, ditch, and drain. It is no good saying "This land should be irrigated" unless we have in mind a source for the water, and it is no good saying "This land should be drained" unless we know where we will put the water that runs out at the foot of the drain.

Professor Addison approaches these problems, especially the first, in an admirably factual way. He describes the development of water control schemes in Britain and other parts of Europe, in Africa, the Near East, Australia and U.S.A. He says nothing of the U.S.S.R. or China though water control is the basis of rice cultivation. Even so the total effort is vastly impressive. After this we read with some dismay, near the end of the book, that less than 10 per cent. of the present-day world food supplies comes from land where water is controlled in any way, and less than 5 per cent. from land where it is controlled on an engineering scale. If the extra food needed by the world's expanding population is to come from an extension of water control, a formidable amount of damming and pumping will be needed. The book sets out lucidly, though sometimes rather wordily, the engineering and hydrological problems. Some of the political and social problems are mentioned and a few are irritatingly hinted at. It is clear that people cannot always be expected to co-operate fully in a complete change in their way of life, and do not always see the advantages in being flooded as a reservoir to supply someone else The reader is left with few illusions about the rosy irrigational future even if we manage to get nuclear power to do the pumping.

N. W. P.

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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REVIEWS

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NELSON

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Gramophone Records

On the face of it opera has the sort of music least well suited to recording. Yet the absence of a stage has its advantages, for with a score or libretto (EMI and Decca both publish the latter with translations) it is possible to give sharper attention to the words and their relationship to the music than can be done in the theatre. In this way operatic recordings can serve not only as a mere shadow or reminder of live performances, but also as a revelation of *dramma per musica* heard from a new angle. Indeed, there is an entirely new dimension of enjoyment to be found in listening to a recording of a work like *Ariadne auf Naxos*, or *Pelléas et Mélisande*, in which the interplay between text and music is so finespun that much of it goes for nothing in the opera house. It is hardly surprising that the flow of new operatic recordings seems constantly to swell.

Decca has produced *L'Elisir d'Amore* in a performance so delicious that those of us who have been misguided enough to consider Donizetti second to Rossini in hilarity and to Bellini in melody and (except, of course, for *Lucia*) altogether rather an also-ran, must clearly think again. After an ample harvest of bellowing Italian tenors I was enchanted by the sweet, melting sound of di Stefano's Nemorino and his smooth, sensitive and unaffected phrasing. Güden, who sings with a lovely firmness of line and who turns her ornaments with immaculate ease, is an excellent Adina, and Corena's portrayal of that voluble old scoundrel, Dulcamara, is splendidly sung and acted. Molinari-Pradelli conducts with verve and the recording (two sides longer than the HMV effort but worth it) is spacious.

After exhausting my superlatives of praise, this is, perhaps, the moment to turn to a less happy product of Donizetti's fertility: *La Favorita*, recorded by Decca. The ill-arranged plot is luridly melodramatic and much of the score vapid and cliché-ridden, with one of those jaunty little quick marches unfailingly arriving at moments of tension. The only thing that could rescue this old war-horse is entirely first-rate singing, and while Simionato is a highly accomplished artist she is hardly ever really thrilling. Bastianini is an impressive Alfonso and Jerome Hines sings with great authority as Balthazar. But what with Poggi's totally insensitive shouting, Erede's unpersuasive conducting, a constricted recording and (in spite of some good moments in the third act) the music itself, this is, I fear, an issue for the lumber-room.

Rigoletto has much of the same *genre* of melodramatic plot, and nothing makes plainer the enormous impact that Verdi must have had on Italian operatic life in the middle of the last century than listening to this masterpiece after a work like *La Favorita*. A Columbia recording of *Rigoletto* is now available on five instead of the customary six sides. It has its faults: the recording is variable (although the voices stand out clearly enough), the orchestral sound is often veiled and distorted, and on my pressing the last chord of the prelude, just before the curtain rises, is abruptly cut off; in addition Serafin's conducting lacks drive and excitement. But an extraordinary range of colour and expression and some eloquent singing go to make Gobbi's Rigoletto a memorable and distinguished character study. Listen, for instance, in the second act to his lovely *mezza voce* as he pleads for the return of his daughter and to the marvellously veiled tone of "Piangi, piangi." As the Duke, di Stefano is less good than in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, but he has some stylish moments, notably in the opening bars of the famous quartet.

Callas is the Gilda in this *Rigoletto* as well as Aida in a new Columbia issue (also conducted by Serafin), and in both operas she confronts the reviewer with a dilemma. For by any ordinary standards much of her singing, notably in the upper middle reaches of her voice, is pinched, acid and lacking in roundness. But she atones for this by moments of artistry and insight (her phrasing and veiled quality of voice is at moments miraculously lovely) that must melt the most critical heart. Thus, in the third act of this *Aida* she makes "Fuggiam gli ardori inospiti" sound like some infinitely touching fairy tale in which she cannot bring even herself to believe. Surely a superb if imperfect artist. If, as Gilda, she at moments sounds a little too ripe and big in voice, her Aida is less of an Italianate Brünnhilde than usual, but more girlish and touching and all the better for it. She is well supported by Gobbi's Amanasro, dramatic if vocally a trifle dry in voice, and by an imposing Amneris from Barbieri, who improves from scene to scene. But I didn't care for Tucker's loud and untender Radames and the recording is coarse and often distorts.

To complete this batch of Italian opera there is a new recording from HMV of that ravishingly fresh and lyrical opera *Manon Lescaut*. To hear it is to wash away the sediment of prejudice against Puccini left by a hundred and one indifferent Bohèmes and Butterflys. Albanese is a good if unremarkable Manon, less strong vocally than Tebaldi but more in character. Björling is infinitely preferable to the stentorian del Monaco, but although he sings strongly and competently I found his performance a trifle unvaried and unmoving. The recording is less good than Decca's, but the orchestral playing and tempi have, perhaps, rather more point and urgency in the HMV set.

Decca have continued their series of Bayreuth recordings with last year's production of *The Flying Dutchman*. Here, indeed, is the whole atmosphere of the theatre: the trumpet calls summoning the audience to their seats, the last bells, the great silence before the performance begins, the wonderfully rich, lush sound of the strings, the rather masked woodwind, and the brass, braying in an attempt to make itself heard from the profound depths of that Nibelheim of an orchestral pit. Here, also unfortunately, is Keilberth as conductor, and a thoroughly pedestrian account he gives of this fine score. While it is good to hear Senta sung by a big, dark voice, Varnay is hard in tone and sounds forced and cramped. The virtues of the issue are the stunningly fine singing and recording of the male chorus, Ludwig Weber's fine Darland and a superlative Dutchman from Uhde, who contrives to combine almost hysterical emotional tension with an utterly steady line.

Technically, the Decca *Eugene Onegin* is finely done. But unfortunately the whole performance of the Belgrade Opera is so mediocre that the set hardly warrants serious attention. The Tatiana is shrill, unsteady and inaccurate, the Onegin heavy and undistinguished and the musical direction wooden and ineloquent. Only Lenski and the Nurse are passably sung. The strings sound good but the remainder of the orchestral playing is poor, with an oboe taking the prize for the nastiest sound of the month. We badly need a good recording of this most entrancing work.

On a single Philips disc there are selections from Suppé's *Boccaccio*. I once caught part of this operetta on the wireless and enjoyed it. But although this performance sounds reasonably accomplished and is well recorded, here the music is somehow terribly lacking in the magic of Johann Strauss or even Millöcker. Flat *Sekt*, I fear.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,361

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for the first verse, or Envoi, of a Ballade of Spring Fever. Entries by April 10.

Result of No. 1,358

Set by Guy Walsingham

"Good friend, for Jesus's sake forbeare . . ." —Marlowe's tomb is frequently disturbed in the interests of scholarship, while Shakespeare lies doggo in his, receiving the homage of a million tourists. Competitors are invited to compose a four-line groan from the ghost of the Murderee of Deptford to the Swan of Avon.

Report

There was hardly a hint of the crypto-atheist, the spy, the tool of Walsingham, in this wail from the tomb: hardly even a suggestion of the voice that holla'ed on the pampered jades or entertained divine Zenocrate. Instead, a literary hack on the verge of schizophrenia whined away, as in S. F. W.'s "Who wrote me if I wrote you?", or basely tried to acquire peace by off-loading any claim to Shakespeare's output. With a nervous look over my shoulder in the direction of Professor Leslie Hotson and Mr. Calvin Hoffman, I award a guinea each to those printed below. Commended: Lane Jones, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Norman Newton, Ronald F. Hinde, Tom Turleygood, and J. Hall.

The swans swim quiet at Stratford, Will,
And you lie sleeping quieter still.
No Yank disturbs you, with permission,
To see if you hold my first edition.

D. L. ALLSOP

I ghosted for you in the long ago.
"Vex not his ghost," I wrote for all to see,
And yet these modern scholars vex me so,
I wonder could you do a turn for me?

LESLIE JOHNSON

The notion that I wrote your plays
(Thank God!) is utterly mistaken;
I'd get more peace—and you less praise—
If more believed we both were Bacon.

A. M. SAYERS

"Others abide our Question; Thou art Free"
Who, being True, enjoye Immunitie.
The Peaceful Wormes devoure thy Corse while I,
Hag-ridden, scholar-dunn'd, uneasie lye.

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

William, for Heaven's sake return
And tell them what they'll never learn;
Cursed be the man whose soul, so dead,
Can't tell your Richard from my Ned.

AUDREY L. LASKI

Come live with me, my tomb-mate be,
And let these busybodies see
That you (that's me) and I (that's you)
Do not provide a single clue.

J. R. and M. M. TILL

The Chess Board

No. 333. Proper Balance Sheet

Facing not merely the leisure of an Easter weekend but also whatever bliss or worry we may derive from the end of the financial year, we should be in the proper frame of mind to look at anybody's balance sheet. As for **A**, a mere glance will show that White, even though half a dozen pieces down,

A: E. L. Mair 1954

may have some positional advantage to make up for the alarming material debit of his balance sheet. The question now is: how many pieces can White win when playing to the very best of his advantage? While grudgingly offering as much as 5 ladder-points for this I feel almost like a philanthropist in lavishing all of 6 for **B**. No diagram required. Competitors merely have to put up (or visualise) the basic position and then decide where the Black K should be posted so as to suffer a mate in three moves. **C** is a game position of two obviously ill-matched players, but what they did have in common was the love of

C: Expertus 1916

D: Josef Krejcik 1912

a certain lady, and this game indeed was to decide who of them was to have the privilege of wooing her. Now just as they had reached the climacterial position of the diagram they learned some shocking news about the lady. Far from being as desirable as imagined, she was, in fact, utterly beyond the

E: Leonid Kubbel 1928

F: W. A. Korolkov 1947

pale: she was, perish the thought, a suffragette (and a militant one too). Forthwith, the player of the Black pieces rose stiffly from his seat. "Look," he said to his opponent, "my position isn't so good and you have some material advantage too. I think I had better resign."—"Oh, no," said White, "we must play to the mate," and in a mere five moves he gave his opponent the undesired victory. In other words, it's a suimate in 5, and since it is very easy indeed (and vastly overrated with 7 points) it may well inspire beginners to tackle **D**, a suimate in 14 moves. This is not quite so easy and may almost be worth its 8 ladder-points, but for my very helpful hint that the White K, what with the way he is kicked up to his own doom, may give us the impression of a very weary stair-climber.

So as to give the more soberly minded competitors their customary holiday quota of two earnest and none too easy endgame studies, **E**—White to win—may still be somewhat overrated with 9 ladder-points. **F** is a draw and a fairly tough proposition, even in its subvariations; but it should be more than generously rated with 10 points, thereby bringing the grand total to be garnered this weekend up to 45.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 330. Set January 28

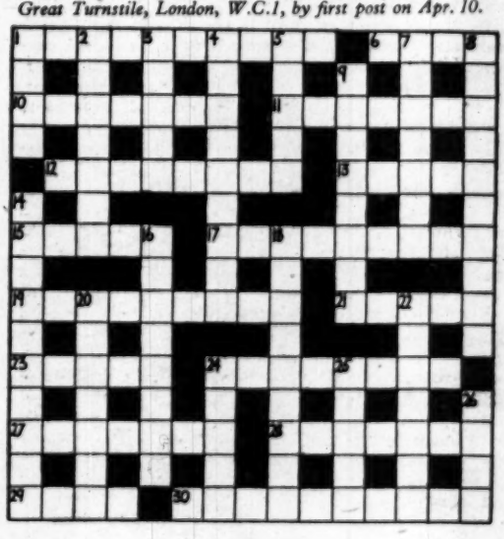
A: (1) Q-K8 ch, B x Q. (2) P x B (Q) ch, R x Q. (3) B x QP mate.
B: (1) Q-QKt2 ch, Kt-Kt6. (2) P = Q ch, Q x Q. (3) Q-R3 ch, K x Q. (4) Kt-B2 mate.
But *not* (2) Q-R3 ch?, K-B5! (3) P = Q, Kt-Q7 ch etc.
C: (1) P-R7, Kt-B2. (2) K-Kt6, Kt-R1. (3) K-Kt7, K-Q3. 4) K x Kt, K-B2. (5) B-K5 ch, K-B1. (6) B-B4! etc.
(1) K-Kt6? would be refuted by Kt-Q7! if (2) . . . K-Q3 (3) B-K5 ch etc.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, E. Allan, G. S. Davidson, N. Gurney (one of our lady competitors), C. G. Hilton, M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 192

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 192, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Apr. 10.



ACROSS

1. Vegetables are here and a branch of learning is about to suffocate (10).
6. Clean the decks like a Cornish sailor? (4).
10. To feed with part of the army is tiptop (7).
11. In returning visits he has something of a veneer (7).
12. Gangsters in the mines they are colourful (8).
13. Change their place (5).
15. Language for a king in the opposite of Latin dress (5).
17. The cat has a smile about an article in the milk churn (9).
19. Stand and stare, though not necessarily an old timer (9).
21. "With mirth in funeral and with——in marriage" (*Hamlet*) (5).
23. Signs for people in the Ordnance Survey (5).
24. Unlikely to survive, like a bone in a grave? (8).
27. Of small importance, like a boundary in a practice game (7).
28. A stage hero returns to a welcome call (7).
29. Philosophy with nothing gay in it (4).
30. Firm fortress for a lover of everything old (10).

DOWN

1. Half cave in part of church (4).
2. Making a bad shot, one goes a little beyond the hole on the highest green (7).
3. The élite cry when society is lost (5).
4. Disguise the roving during the darkness (9).
5. Relieves the weight in the upturned seat (5).
7. A college head shows determination with writing material (7).
8. Bribe for a footballer who makes a pass? (10).
9. Wake a man concerning the watch (8).
14. Novelist who makes his young females estimable (10).
16. Community: now this may be found over the page (8)
18. Camera-man novelist? (9).
20. Opportunity for doing what Hutton used to do (7).
22. A little curl confuses a girl with a net (7).
24. Island mentioned in well-known animal tales (5).
25. Drink causes an exclamation in an airline (5).
26. Repair alone (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 190

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 190

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IS it your son's or daughter's birthday today? If so, will you help to make it a happier birthday for some less fortunate little boy or girl by sending a donation to the N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Sq.

ASTLEYS of Jermyn St. (108/111), S.W.1. Briar pipe specialists. Your briar pipe (any make) reconditioned & cleaned with pure alcohol, 3*s*. plus 9*d*. postage, any quantity. (Foul pipes are injurious to health.) All repairs, new stems, etc. We purchase old or new carved Meerschaum pipes. Write for price list.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655, for details.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

CAPABLE yng. Swiss couple already in England sk job cook/haeman. friendly family opportunity study Engl. Sml. salary only. Box 3311.

WRITER w. car, caravan, tent, visiting S. France mid-June approx. 2 months, sks. 3 companions share exps. Box 3406.

FRENCH girls sk. posts in Engl. homes. Domesticated, look after chldn., cook, etc. Service International d'Echanges, 22 Farndon Road, Oxford.

YOUNG man with car seeks companion (m.) motoring holiday Norway. Box 3125.

LONDON-Paris-Rome. Car 2 seats vacant July 31-Aug. 22. Share exp. Box 3139.

WHITSUN, 14 days. France-Switzerland-Austria-Germany-Belgium. Seats available in Bedford. £13 return. Box 3405.

HOLIDAY with Y.T.C. A non-profit organisation offers superb holidays at exceptionally low cost. By air Oslo 14 days, 40*gns*. Cannes 15 days, 44*gns*. By air & coach, Lake Garda 12 days, 30*gns*. Vienna Woods 12 days, 33*gns*. Send for our free illus. brochure containing full dets. of these & other wonderful hols. Y.T.C. Universal Ltd. (Dept. NS), 47-49 Lime St., Liverpool.

SEE England by canal this year! 1, 2 & 3 wk. holiday cruises on converted "narrow boats." Priv. cabins; excellent food; licensed bar. Choice of 5 routes. Brochure (5*d*. in stamps) Inland Waterway Cruising Company, Braunston, Rugby.

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P.S. If you cannot afford a holiday in England this summer, why not economise with a "Summer School Abroad," e.g., Barcelona—26 days—35*gns*. Programme from Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

P.P.S. Llewellyn Hodge, 115 Grasmere Avenue, Wembley, offers delightful holidays in Carinthia—14 days—28*gns*.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ALDERMAN Fred Henderson on his 90th birthday writes on "British Labour & the Soviet Union." Sancho Panza writes his satire, "N.A.T.O.—Fact or Fiction?" on the 7th anniversary of the Atlantic Pact. R. Palme Dutt on "The Vision Splendid." All in the April "Labour Monthly," from all agents 1*s*. 6*d*. or by a half-year subscription 9*s*. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

EXECUTIVE staff all British daily papers, main magazines, B.B.C. and I.T.A. news services; Commonwealth, American, other overseas correspondents in U.K., press attaches, Govt. pro's included in "Newspaper and Magazine Personnel and Data" avail. 9-10 Old Bailey, E.C.4. 1*gn*. incls. 3 qrtly. amendments free.

WORDS in the News! Pasha: n. Turkish title (abolished 1934) given to governors & high military & naval officers. You'll find it in Chamber's Dictionary along with 150,000 other references. From all booksellers. 21*s*.

UNESCO Courier. Lively international monthly mag. Covers Arts, Sciences, Racial educ. problems, Tech. Assistance, Archaeology, etc. Brilliant illustrations. Of world appeal incl. U.S.S.R. Eng. edn. 8*s*. yr. Subs. to D. Hardman, Bankyfield, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

ANNOUNCEMENT: the new monthly illus. magazine "British Soviet Friendship" will appear on Apr. 1. Sixteen pages 4*d*. (Ann. Sub. 5*s*. 6*d*. p.f.) Send for specimen copy (1½*d*. stamp) to B.S.F., 36 Spencer St., London, E.C.1. Contributors include Lord Chorley, Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P., etc.

HEALTHY Childhood, by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8*s*. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

ENGLISH Illustrated is the International Journal of Practical English. Read in over 60 countries. Send it to foreign friends with a limited vocabulary! 8*s*. p.a. P.O. Box 113, 60 Market Street, Watford, Herts.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat, R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1*s*. 3*d*. monthly from all newsagents.

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BOOKS. We buy good books on all subjects at best prices. Please send details. Godfrey, Stonegate, Yorks.

WANTED: Borkenau, Bukharin, James, Rosenberg, Trotsky; books/pamphlets. Box 3178.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

MACMILLAN'S Squeeze: Monopolies Bill; Arms Programme; Widows' Pensions. "Labour Research," 9d. (10s. 6d. p.a.). 2 Soho Square, W.1.

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MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Eurap Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1956, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library & Technical Information Services). Two individual vacancies for Assistant Experimental Officers exist in the Nature Conservancy, one on recording changes in vegetation and the other on soil invertebrates. Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1956; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1956. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University Degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1956 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £790-£960 (men); £706-£866 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer, £320 (at age 18) to £700 (men), £628 (women). Starting pay up to £575 (men) or £541 (women) at 26 or over. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/56.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor or Senior Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children. The post is made vacant by the appointment of Miss M. B. Atkinson, Senior Staff Tutor in the Education of Young Children, to the post of Principal of St. Gabriel's College, London. Experience in the education of young children is essential. The person appointed will be required to take up duty in September, 1956. The salary will be within the range of £650 × £50 to £1,650, with family allowance and membership of the F.S.S.U. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom 12 copies of applications, including the names of 3 persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than April 7, 1956. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send 1 copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland, requires in September, 1956, Mistress to teach English & French. Honours degree essential, experience desirable. The post carries a responsibility allowance in addition to the special allowance for Sixth Form work. Candidates from Great Britain may receive a bonus towards travelling expenses. Apply to the Head Mistress.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (fully qualified) Adult Section, Department of Psychiatry, vacant now. Psycho-analytic exp. advantageous. Applics. to the Chief Psychiatrist, West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth, Middx.

ST. HILDA'S East, Bethnal Green. An administrative assistant (woman) to the Warden of this Settlement is reqd. Secretarial & Social Work training and experience desirable, resident post. Apply to the Warden, 3 Old Nichol Street, Bethnal Green, E.2.

PHŒNIX Gallery reqs. assistant (young or older) in bookcase showroom. Some shop exp. an advantage, but intelligence & pleas. manner important. Write or call, 38 William IV St., Charing Cross.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. reqs. General Programme Producer in Edinburgh. Duties include production of varying types of programme for Scottish Home and other Services; arranging outside broadcasts incl. running commentaries and eye witness accounts; contributing ideas for programmes and responsibility for their production. Essential qualifications, good education, organising ability, experience of reporting, good microphone voice, ability describe events in an interesting way, thorough practical knowl. of Scotland and her communications, ceremonies, sport, pastimes, etc. Production experience desirable. Starting sal. £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing s.a.e. and quoting Ref. "1623 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting Hse., W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Education Officer, N. Western Division, based in Manchester. Academic qualifications and wide educational experience desirable including experience of teaching in school and thorough knowledge of the educational system. Duties include visiting schools and holding meetings and discussion with teachers and educational bodies. Starting salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280. Prescribed application form, further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose addressed foolscap envelope and quote reference "1609 N. Stm." The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from date of this insertion.

B.B.C. invites applications for Assistant Head of Religious Broadcasting, Television, to plan and arrange religious programmes, including religious services for Television. Ordination to Anglican Ministry and willingness to work with members of other denominations essen. Experience of some aspect of visual presentation of Christian religion desirable. Travelling throughout the U.K. involved. Starting salary £1,370 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,775. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. "1622 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Glasgow. Duties include reporting main news events by microphone & sub-editing News Bulletins. Essential qualifications; detailed knowledge of Scotland, Scottish affairs & administration, & their relationship to U.K. & international affairs, good reporting & sub-editing experience in daily journalism, good microphone voice, facility for writing clearly and concisely, practical knowledge of sport. Real appreciation of radio as news medium an advantage. Starting salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing s.a.e. & quoting ref. 1625 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

THE University of Manchester, Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for Bolton, Wigan District, with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £650 × £50 to £1,350; Assistant Lecturer, £550 × £50 to £650. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications & experience. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in one of the subjects ordinarily taught in W.E.A. and adult classes. Applications should be sent not later than April 9, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars & application forms are obtainable.

MINISTRY of Supply: Technical Textbook Editors. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for not less than 3 pensionable posts at Chessington, Surrey. The work involves the planning, arranging and editing of contributions for Service instructional technical textbooks. Age at least 28 on March 1, 1956. Candidates must have a University degree, preferably with Honours, which includes Mathematics. Experience of writing or editing textbooks or similar publications, or teaching advanced subjects. Knowledge of requirements of the Services in the armament field will be an advantage. Men's salary scale £1,045-£1,160. Women's scale lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 4572/56/8. Completed application forms must be returned by April 12, 1956.

SCANDINAVIAN Student Organisation invites applics. for post of Assistant Lecturer (male/female) in English Lang., Literature & History, at Summer Schools in England June, July or Aug. There are 5 vacancies. Please write as soon as possible in duplicate, giving personal details, past experience or any other relevant information. Box 3402.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Film Institute requires General Editor for Publications Dept. Duties incl. editorship "Sight & Sound" and supervision of other publications. General knowledge of and appetite for cinema, writing ability, some journalistic and editorial experience, intense enthusiasm, are all important qualifications. Starting salary about £800 p.a. Applicants should apply in writing, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

LONDON County Council. Barrett Street Technical College (for Hairdressing & Clothing Technology) September 1956. Head (Grade 1) of General Studies Dept. Should have B.Sc. (Econ.) degree, pref. some industrial experience & prepared to take an interest in Student Union. Burnham F.E. salary scale £827 3s. × £20 to £1,065 plus London Allowance of £36 or £48 p.a. Application forms from Sec. at College, Oxford St., W.1, to be returned by April 13, 1956. (536)

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Dept. Duties include visiting & reporting on mental defectives living in their own homes. Social Science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Inclusive salary £528 (at age 24) to £705. Form of application from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/515), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by Wednesday, April 11.

COURIER. Applications invited from men under 35 qualified to act as Courier to 59 Indian students visiting Italy, Austria, Germany, Netherlands, France, Switzerland April 29-June 7; previous experience, knowledge of these countries and of German and French essential. Please write Box 75a, 10 Welbeck St., London, W.1.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic junior teachers (pref. Froebel) wanted (a) Summer, (b) September for co-ed. London school. Burnham scale. Scope for initiative under pleasant working conditions. Box 2928.

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FIRM with Trade Union Practice in Holborn have opening for keen men able to handle accident claims. Gd. sal. and prospects for suitable applicant. Write with full partics. & sal. reqd. Box 3391.

DICTATION Typists: The Official Report (Hansard), House of Commons, requires 3 dictation typists. Salary £349 17s. p.a. rising to £528. The posts are pensionable after a probationary period. For full information, write to Editor, Official Report, House of Commons, S.W.1 giving particulars of education, typing speed, experience and age.

FABIAN Membership Department. Full- or half-time position vacant. 5-day week. 4 wks. annual leave. £6 12s. 6d. p.w. Interesting work. Typing essen. Write Gen. Sec., Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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TEMPORARY work (days, weeks, months) for expd. secs., sh/typs., c/typs. & clks. 10-5 no Sats. Top rates. Ring Miss Topham, Duttons Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

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PROF. yng. lady reqs. fur. acc. nr. Middx. Hosp./Covent Gdn. Reas. Box 3460.

YOUNG married couple require unfurn./part furn. accom. in London area at reas. rent, from early Aug. Box 3138.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. Evgs. 7.30 Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Mat. Th. 2.30. Good Soldier Schweik.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 ex. M., St. Sn. 5 & 8. Comedy of Errors. Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems only. EUS. 5391.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, Sth. Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat., Mar. 31, Doris Day, Howard Keel, in "Calamity Jane" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Cin. BAY. 2345. Apr. 1, Good-bye Mr. Chips (U) The Marrying Kind (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until April 1. "Rashomon" (X). From April 2, Ealing Comedy Season. "Lavender Hill Mob" (U).

ASIAN Film Society celebrates the Silver Jubilee of Indian Talkies and presents "Indian Film Week and Film Awards" at Scala Theatre from Mar. 29-Apr. 3. A selection of 6 films acclaimed by critics, 3 of which were given special recognition by the Govt. of India, including "Two Acres of Land" on March 31. For dets. apply: Asian Film Soc., 11 Greek St., W.1 (GER. 0247). Membership 10*s*.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 6581. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. Mar. 31, 7.15. "All That Money Can Buy." Guests 3*s*.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Sat and Sun. from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tues. from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics. write Sec. or please call at Club.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Albert Hall, Thursday, April 5, 8 p.m. Jews' College Centenary Concert. Massimo Freccia Philharmonia Orchestra. Gina Bachauer. Fantasy Ovt. Romeo & Juliet, Tchaikovsky. Piano Concerto No. 1, Rachmaninoff. Symphony No. 7 in A major, Beethoven. 5*s*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 15*s*., 21*s*. Ken. 8212. Agents and Jews' College, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Eus. 6869.

CHINESE Music and Poetry at the Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Thursday, April 5 at 8.15 p.m. First English performance of modern works for violin and piano: Alan Loveday, Leonard Cassini. Folk songs and poems: Valentine Dyall, Nicolette Bernard, Lian Shin Yang (soprano). Arranged and introduced by R. D. Smith. Tckts. 9*s*., 6*s*., 3*s*., from Box Office or Britain China Friendship Assn., 228 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. (TER. 2522.)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue. 1*s*. 6*d*. post free.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. First one-man Exhibition of David Tinker. March 28-Apr. 21.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., Soho, W.1. F. N. Souza, new pntgs. Dly. 11-6.

JAPANESE Porcelain, an Exhibition org. by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Christian Rohlfs, an Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till April 28. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Closed Good Friday, open March 31 & April 2. Admission 1*s*. to both exhibitions.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Jacob Bornfriend & Bernard Dunstan. Closing Apr. 7.

I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Willi Baumeister Memorial Exhibition. 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Closed Easter holidays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. Wellcome Building, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Br. Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. Adm. free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "The Seasons" C.A.S. Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, until April 15.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London Exhibition, Michel Ciry—Paintings and Drawings. Closes Apr. 7.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Josef Herman: Paintings & Drawings, 1940-56. Daily 11-6; Sun. 2-6. Closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Enamels & Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 21.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Sun., April-October. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam & Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. Admis. 2*s*. 6*d*.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., Apr. 1, 6.30: Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham, "Modern Myths & Modern Prophets."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs., 7.30 p.m., April 5 & 12, Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Suns. 5 p.m. at Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10, for mems. & friends. Meditation & Discourse.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FATHER Huddleston speaks at a Public Meeting—a Statement on S. Africa, & questions. Mon., April 23, Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30. Buffet avail. Tkts. now: 2*s*. 6*d*. res., 1*s*. unres. from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4 (CIT. 6869) or from the Africa Bureau, 30 Old Queen Street, S.W.1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., Apr. 6, 8 p.m. Count Benckendorff. Recollections.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch, Fri. April 6, 8.30. Dr. T. N. Dave: "Devotion (Bhakti) in Hindu Religion." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, April 1, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond Street Stn. Discourse: Pandit Ushar Budh Arya—"Spiritual Psychology & War."

RECENT Political Developments in Israel & the Middle East. Speaker: The Hon. Edwin Samuel, C.M.G., on Thurs., Apr. 12 at 6.15 p.m., in Committee Room 3, Church House, Dean's Yard, S.W.1. Chair.: The Rt. Hon. Lord Pakenham. Admission 2*s*.

LINGUISTS' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., April 7. Film: "Pepe Le Moko."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1956-1957 begins Mon., Oct. 1, 1956. Part-time (Evening) Crses. provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts & Science & for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time & full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts & Science. Applications for admission should be made before June 1. Pamphlet & form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St., London, W.C.1.

TEACHERS of English to foreigners. Short training courses (evenings) for prospective teachers in this specialised but neglected field, April 23 to May 30, and in July. Partics. from Davies's School of English, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (WES. 6564.)

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIV. of Durham—Newcastle Division, 3 summer schools; Konigswinter, Germany. "British & German Institutions." Aug. 18-Sept. 1. Incl. cost: £38. Alnwick Castle, Northumberland. "Fundamentals of Biology," Aug. 18-30. Incl. cost: 12*gns*. St. Mary's College, Durham. (Newcastle & Durham Joint Board's Summer School.) "Recent Developments in the Arts"; "Authority & the Individual." July 28-Aug. 11 (2 wks.). Incl. cost: 6*gns*. per wk. Dets. from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, King's College, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham, Department of Extra-Mural Studies & Workers' Educational Association, East Midland District. Derbyshire Field Studies Residential Summer School, Buxton. Aug. 11-25, 1956. Geology & Scenery; Natural History of the Peak District; Local History & Architecture; Botany; Pre-History & Archæology; Railway History; Planning & the National Parks. Excursions & field work will be an important feature of the studies. Cost 7*gns*. p.w. Applic. can be for one or both wks. Dets.: Sec. for Summer Courses, 16 Shakespeare St., Nottingham.

ANGLO-German Summer School, Konigswinter on the Rhine, August 18 to September 1, 1956. Travel and accommodation for 14 days at total cost £38. Lectures, discussions, visits. Details from and applications to Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

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